

The MESS-KIT

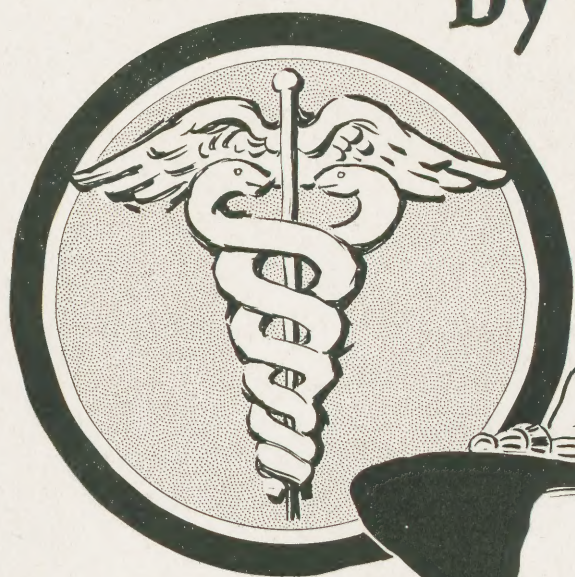
SALVATION ARMY NUMBER

"A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out"



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U. S. ARMY

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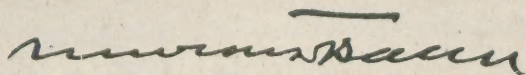
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH
Salvation Army in the U.S.A.
New York City

MY DEAR COMMANDER:

I avail myself of every opportunity to testify in the most public and helpful way to the splendid work the Salvation Army did with the American Expeditionary Force in France. The men and women of the Salvation Army were admirably selected; their service was one of great devotion; its spirit was always on the broadest humanitarian basis; and the work of the army was affectionately and enthusiastically received by the soldiers, so that the whole relationship between the Salvation Army and the American Expeditionary Force was characterized by a splendid spirit of helpfulness out of which an incalculable amount of relief, comfort, sympathy, and happiness was derived by our soldiers.

I understand there is to be a dinner in the interest of the home service of the Salvation Army, and I am writing this note with the thought that you may care to read, as an official statement from me, the appreciation above set forth. The Salvation Army is entitled to have its friends know both the devotion it has shown and the success with which its ministry has been attended.

Cordially yours,



Secretary of War.



EVANGELINE BOOTH
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE
SALVATION ARMY IN AMERICA.

The Mess-Kit

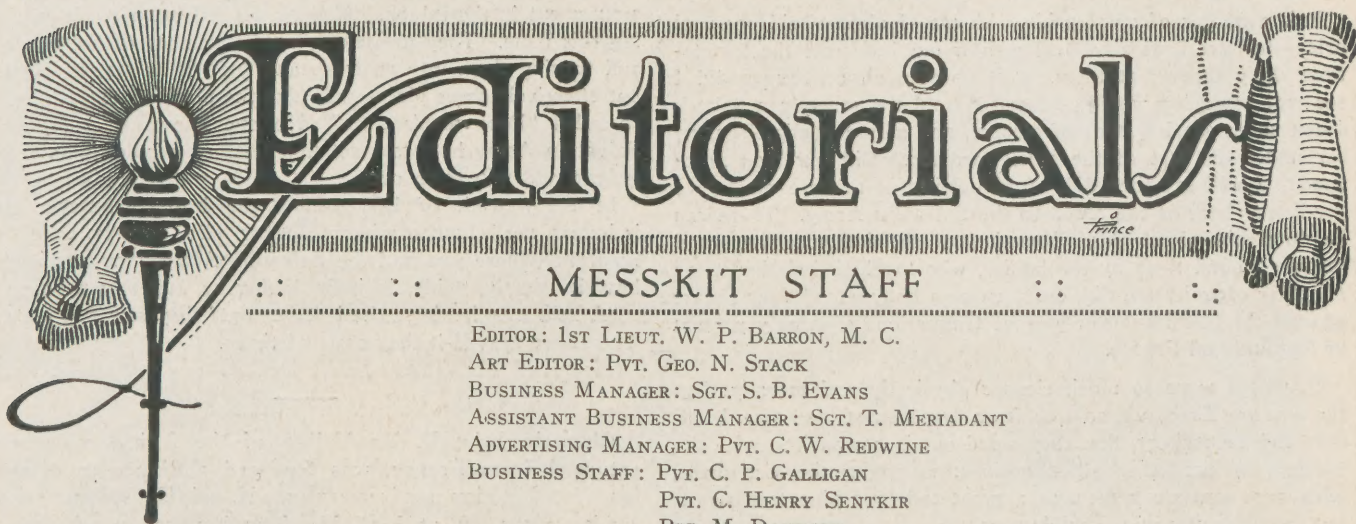
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Vol. 1

September, 1919

No. 7

THE SALVATION ARMY AND ITS WORK IN THE WORLD'S WAR

THIS number of the "Mess-Kit" in which we are featuring the Salvation Army and its work in the World's War, is truly a labor of love. The writer was intimately associated with these dear girls and loyal simple brave-hearted men in their work in France, and from having an amused tolerance of a line of work in which he could have no part or any real sympathy that he had grown up with in the States, he came to know and love them for their very works' sake, in France. He saw that they as no other organization, touched the heart of the army as a whole. This was not easy of explanation until it was studied out by actual observation of the work the Salvation Army did. Then it was easy. Love, real love for humanity in the raw, that is the answer. A great many of their workers knew life from its bitterest side, they had "eaten their bread with tears." Out of all the grime and muck the unhappiness and squalor they had known personally or through experience came the love for the common people, just the plain every day man, the Dough Boy if you please. With the Salvationists the "rank is but the guinea stamp" indeed. In their huts you were welcome, if you were an American soldier in the uniform. Outside of that nothing else mattered. General Pershing was no more welcome there than was the Top Sergeant of the Colored Labor Battalion. If you wanted doughnuts and coffee they were yours; the pies, just like mother used to make, cooked by real American girls, were also there for you. You were made to feel that what the Salvation Army could do for you was a duty and a pleasure, but your rank didn't get you anywhere. You had to stand in line with the rest, and take your turn at the eats. Now that's real Americanism and the A. E. F. was not slow to appreciate it, and the love and honor they gave in return was boundless. For this very reason the Salvation Army was never out of supplies, never at a loss for willing K. P.'s, always had plenty of wood, and sometimes I am afraid had things brought to them from Dough Boys who would swear "We just found this sugar or coffee" laying beside the road, when really they had risked a month's K. P. to swipe the provisions from their own organization in order to supply the Lassies with things for the common good. When the word was passed along the lines of com-

munication that such and such a Salvation Hut was in need of supplies from some base, and could not secure the needed transportation, it would not be long before an army truck would stop at that hut, pick up the worker who saw to such things and in a short time the needed supplies would be in the hut, and maybe next day the truck driver would be explaining to some irate Motor Transport Major at the base, how he come to break down (?) on his return trip and was 12 hours late. It was all in the game, and everybody helped. At the Salvation Army huts there was no "Drummer hand shake, no practiced mechanically trained smile of welcome, learned at some welfare training school." Their welcome was an honest one, straight from the heart, and usually that heart was one which had been baptised in the lees of life, and consequently understood other human hearts. With them always the personal appeal, human interest, disinterested love. Not one man of draft age, unless clearly unfit, and unfit to the casual eye, was to be found among their men. And the Lassies! these dear girls came to mean America to us, our own women, mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts. They stood in the place of those back home.

Oh! how they did relieve the dreariness and monotony of rainy, cloudy days and nights that chilled the very marrow in our bones, the endless hikes along rain-sodden, muddy roads, of anxious nerve-racking waits in trenches full of mud and water and sudden death. The Salvation Army girls, quietly and efficiently worked against the evil influence of Vin Rouge, Cognac, the painted women and all the evil influences and temptations thrown so alluringly before us. These things worked for greater harm against the fighting strength and morale of the A. E. F. than all the skill and cunning the German General Staff could muster.

But these girls with honest American faces, innocent of rouge, with sincere love for our men and a real desire to serve, not only the body but also the soul, of those who had crossed the sea in ships, quickly threw their weight in the balance for what was good and true and wholesome. Our boys were quick to find out that a cup of hot cocoa, with a well-cooked doughnut gave him more heat and comfort than a big stiff drink of wine or

brandy, cost nothing, and had no "hereafter" to it. He found out that Mademoiselle loved him all right, but *Beaucoup* francs more, that she did not satisfy his ideas of what a woman should be, and that her ways were not his ways. A bright smile, a warm human hand shake, and a sweet "God Bless You" from the girl in the Salvation Army hut spelt home to the homesick doughboy. And her influence was all for good.

It is a matter of great pride with me—I almost said personal pride—to have been a witness to how our boys met the temptations daily thrown at them. Not once in all of France did I see real rowdiness among American soldiers, scarcely a baker's dozen under the influence of alcohol, and only a negligible number under the lure of the scarlet women. Did our men make good? I will say they did. And helping in this we must give the lion's share of the credit to the Salvation Army. There can be no doubt about this. Reacting to the influence for good thrown around them by the lassies, who touched their hearts as no other organization did, our men as a body, stood four square against the insidious ever-present temptations alluringly present in England and France.

Our boys were so much cleaner physically and morally than the average European, so free from drunkenness and vice, lewdness and debauchery, that they stood out in comparison with the soldiers of the other allied nations, excepting the Canadians, who were also clean men, as a great tall lone pine tree stands out in a clearing in the wilderness.

Women of America, fathers of A. E. F. soldiers, whenever you see a dapper, smiling Salvation Army Lassie on the street, smile back at her—she will smile first—give her a welcome everywhere, because, dear people, take it from me, she represents that great force for good that kept your boy what his father hopes he is, and his mother thinks he is, than any other factor. Don't forget it. We owe them this. It is little enough for what they did.

A great American said: "The dead carry in their clenched hands, only that which they have given away."

If this be true, think what the Salvation Army worker carries into the unknown. They withheld nothing, not love, nor worldly goods nor peace, nor safety, nor happiness, nor faith. Disease and pestilence are faced by them every day, somewhere. Even many times their own pitiful stipend is given that some wee baby may have milk, some old woman a loaf of bread, a broken man a place to spend the night, or to keep some girl from the vultures of the streets. Think of the dying lips that have blessed their name, think of the palsied fevered hands that have grasped the firm, cool capable hand of some Salvation Army Lassie, as the passing soul slipped out into the eternal waters of forgetfulness that range around the world. Think of the hundreds of young girls reclaimed from a life of shame to become the beloved wife of some honest man, helping him in his battle with the world. Think of the hundreds of fretful babies, who never knew a mother's care hushed to rest every night by these wonderful women. Think of the thousands of men they have cheered on lonely battlefields, in camps, in dug outs, in trenches and tents—always the personal appeal, human interest, disinterested love!

To him, who had fallen among thieves, after the Priest and Levite had passed him by, came the good Samaritan. Thus are the hosts of the Salvation Army to God's poor; to the common people. And the common people make up the world! Some of us forget that sometimes.

It is just here, at this point, the Salvation Army comes into its own. I wonder if Thos. Huxley were alive now, he would not revise that somewhat ponderous attempt at humor, in his celebrated essay written at the expense of the Salvation Army? I am quite sure he would, because Huxley was as honest as a looking glass, and it would be a great matter of pride with him to record what the Salvation Army did in the Boer War for the English, and in this war for the English and American soldiers, not to mention their work at home.

The Salvation Army has worked quietly, unostentatiously but persistently, along the high road of humanity, toward a certain goal, and at last they are about to reap their reward. Their place is won for all time in the heart of America. Wherever the doughboy goes he carries this message, "The Salvation Army got the answer." This is inelegant, but very expressive, and true. Verily the Salvationists are advertised by their loving friends. It is an

enviable place, because few they are who really reach Buddie's heart. And the Army will not rest on its laurels, but will go on and on. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and judging the future by the past we will expect the Salvation Army to make good.

Prohibition will present a problem to the country of caring for that element of our population accustomed to seeking their amusement in the saloon. Already the Salvation Army is meeting this issue. They are taking over a number of these saloons and turning them into canteens and soft drink stands. Quietly but effectively these places will take the place of the saloon, the so-called "Poor man's club." No one knows so well as the Salvation Army how to meet this class of people on their own ground and win them over.

In every walk of life, among the lowly, wherever there is human need, human misery, squalor, vice, poverty, unrest and ignorance, there you find the Salvation Army, men and women, bravely, simply, nobly, lovingly, lifting up fallen humanity.

"A man may be down, he is never out" they say, and it's true. They have proved it thousands of times.

W. P. B.

Chaplain John B. De Valles, of the 26th Div., recently returned from France, was tendered a dinner to celebrate his 21st birthday anniversary, at K. of C. Visitors House. Friday, Aug. 29, at 1 P. M. The honored guest was the recipient of many appropriate gifts. Those who graced the occasion by their presence were Miss J. Zotlouski, Lieut. Seeley, Lieut. Silverman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Seitz, Miss Griffin and Chaplain De Valles. The departing guests wished the chaplain many such happy anniversaries.

MAUDE KAUFMAN,

Sept. 1, 1919.

A. N. C.

THE SALVATION RESERVES

By E. D. SULLIVAN

I've got a pal, a captain
Just back from the Flanders front
He's seen a lot—been cited—
And comes for a training stunt.

I've asked him what about it,
And he's told me all he knows,
Troubles and joys and sorrows
Out where the poppy grows.

There, where men fight and suffer,
Credit is built upon worth.
No idle praise or comment—
Everything's close to earth.

All that he said was measured
By just what it meant to men.
And his voice was a rather cold one
Up to the moment when—

He mentioned the Salvation Army,
Now what can that army do
That makes every hard voice falter
And the sharpest of eyes fill, too?

"I used to smile at those people"—
He reddened a bit as he spoke—
"I used to think the big bass drum
Was more or less of a joke.

"Now when I hear them singing
I loiter a minute and hum,
For my hat is off with all my heart
At the sound of their big bass drum.

"I've had their trench-made pastry
In an hour when coin don't buy.
I've seen them slave right in the line
And I've seen them, smiling, die.

"All that I know about them
I've learned on a bloody sod.
And all the grins in the universe
Can't hide their worth from God."



HAVE A COOKIE

WRITE TO THE FOLKS
AT HOME - TODAY.
Ask for writing materials
at Canteen

"WRITE HOME" SIGN



ROLLING THEM OUT (PIES)



PIES AT GONDRECOURT



TRYING OVER
A NEW SONG



SUNSET



AN OMEN - THE SALVATION ARMY HAS ESTABLISHED
HEADQUARTERS IN THIS ABANDONED
WINE CELLAR IN FRANCE



S.A. LASSIE MAKING PIES JUST OUTSIDE DEMOLISHED HOME



THE SALVATION
ARMY SMILE



THE DOUGHBOYS COULDN'T TAKE THEIR
MOTHERS TO WAR WITH THEM -
THE SALVATION ARMY PERFORMED ALL THE SERVICES

FROM THE COMMANDER

THE secret of success is an elusive thing. I believe that the Salvation Army succeeded and made its way into the hearts of the doughboys of the American Expeditionary Forces because of the simple, homely way in which it administered to their wants. The Salvation Army lassie never cared particularly for reading studies in sociology out of books or bringing before the proper committees what should be done for a man when he is cold and hungry. Her way of helping him has always been elemental. It has been more like a cave woman process of reasoning which reached out to the conclusion that if a man is cold and hungry, then he needs clothes and comfort and friendliness on sight.

"When the war broke out, the simple methods followed so directly by our organization all over the world followed the men into the trenches. When England began to prepare her first 100,000 to send to France, the Salvation Army brought a few portable cook stoves and the lassies added a first aid kit to the ingredients for doughnuts and cans of coffee. When the Tommies reached France, the first batch of doughnuts was cooked and the coffee was hot. Then the first 100,000 moved toward the front and the portable stoves and the makings of coffee and doughnuts trundled up in a trusty little car to the front after them.

"When the Yanks went over, more Salvation Army lassies followed them. These boys in the American Army had never before known hunger and cold and absence from home. The women in the Salvation Army understood these things. Because a boy went across the world to fight for democracy and to defend the principles of liberty in order that the earth might be a more livable place for generations to come, it did not lessen his hunger when he was hungry, nor ease the ache in his heart when he was lonely or homesick on the march. The things the doughboy wanted he received. His buttons were sewed on, women who understood and sympathized heard all about his home folks and his sweetheart in long bursts of confidence which relieved his pent-up longings to talk to some woman, he had doughnuts when he was hungry, and hot coffee when he was cold.

"There was no preachment for the men. Spiritual help and advice they could have when they wanted it and needed it, but the thing they treasured most was the homely, sympathetic understanding from the sort of women they had known and honored at home. The way of a man with a maid, particularly when he is a soldier, is rather well known. The Salvation Army lassies, together with the older women, were the touch of home which comforted the soldier on the front line. The Salvation Army lassie has never known anything but the direct verities of life—honor, integrity, labor and love. Her work has brought her into no middle course in the scheme of things. Equipped with the best, she had to meet the worst. To every real man, a real sister is about the best thing in life, and these girls were sisters to the men in khaki.

"Stories have come back to our headquarters of great husky lads who called nineteen year old girls "Ma." It was not funny, it was perfectly natural, and the girls and the men understood the great instinct which prompted the affectionate greeting.

"When the enemy began to push down toward the Marne with an avaricious eye on Paris and the Americans were rushed across the ocean day and night, with never a word of their leaving and never a word of their arriving, these Salvation Army men and women began to find themselves sort of hyphens between that west front with its line stiffened past all possibility of breaking, and the home front which stood no less firm in the days and weeks of suspense and doubt. Those were days when the Salvation Army did not bother about uniforms.

"The Salvation Army has always been conscious of the need of sacrifice and heroism. Its training for years has been for the emergency whatever it might be. In eloquent evidence of this fact I recall the sinking of the 'Empress of Ireland.' When that boat went down, she carried 140 Salvation Army workers. When the sea gave up its dead, not one of these workers had on a life preserver. It is because of their simple intimacy with things unseen that the Salvation Army workers have no fear of death. It was their courage and their fearlessness that they offered as a final gift to the men on the battlefields. These boys who went out to die for America went out in their joyous youth, full of

the love of life. Suddenly there intruded upon them this thought of death and of great suffering. It was natural that this unheard-of thing should have left them bewildered at times when they knew at sunrise they would march toward the front. It meant much to these boys that there were women near who would talk to them and help them face whatever the day would bring and then when death found its own and the boy knew he was 'going West' it was often a Salvation Army lassie who told him she knew the way and took him by the hand and helped him on the last long journey.

"The Salvation Army has had no new success. We have only done an old thing in an old way."

AT THE FRONT

ANOTHER missed the road and drove into a field, where his wheels bogged down. His fellow-traveller, driving a Ford, went for help, leaving him with his truck, for if it had been left unguarded it would have soon been stripped of every movable part by passing truck drivers. Here he remained for almost forty-eight hours, during which time there was considerable shelling.

A Catholic Chaplain told the Salvation Army Staff-Captain that he thought the reason the Salvation Army was so popular with his men was because the Salvation Army kept its promises.

When the Salvation Army officer went to open work in the town of Baccarat it was so crowded that he was unable to secure accommodations. He was having dinner in the cafe, but could get no bread because he had no bread tickets. The local K. of C. man, observing his difficulty, supplied tickets, and, finding that he had no place to sleep, offered to share his own meagre accommodations. For several nights he shared his bed with him and the Salvation Army officer was greatly assisted by him in many ways. The Salvation Army is popular not alone among the soldiers.

While the offensive was on in Argonne and north of Verdun, those who were in the huts in the old training area, which were then used as rest buildings, decided to do something for the boys, and on one occasion they fried fourteen thousand doughnuts and took them to the boys at the front. They traveled in the trucks, and distributed the doughnuts to the boys as they came from the trenches and sent others into the trenches.

By the time they were through, the day was far spent and it was necessary for them to find some place to stay over night. Verdun was the only large city anywhere near but it had either been largely destroyed or the civil population had long since abandoned it and there was no place available.

Underneath the trenches, however, there had been constructed in ancient times, underground passages. There are fifty miles of these underground galleries honeycombed beneath the city, sufficiently large to shelter the entire population. There are cross sections of galleries between the longer passage ways, and winding stairways, here and there. Air is supplied by a system of pumps. There are theatres and a church, also. The Army protecting Verdun had occupied these underground passages.

When the officer commanding the French troops learned that the Salvation Army girls were obliged to stay over night, he arranged for their accommodation in the underground passage and here they rested in perfect security with such comforts as cots and blankets could insure.

It was said that they were the only women ever permitted to remain in these underground passages.

NOW A HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

ONE Sunday afternoon two Salvation Army lassies had come with their Major to hold their usual service in the hospital, but there were so many wounded coming in and the place was so busy that it seemed that if perhaps they ought to give up the service. The nurses were heavy-eyed with fatigue and the doctors were almost worked to death. But when this was suggested with one accord both doctors and nurses were against it. "The boys would miss it so," they said, "and we would miss it, too. It rests us to hear you sing."

After the Bible reading and prayer a lassie sang: "There Is



Sunshine in My Heart To-day," and then came a talk that spoke of a spiritual sunshine that would last all the year.

The song and talk drifted out to another little ward where a doctor sat beside a boy, and both listened. As the physician rose to go the wounded boy asked if he might write a letter.

The next day the doctor happened to meet the lassie who sang and told her he had a letter that had been handed to him for censorship that he thought she would like to see. He said the writer had asked him to show it to her. This was the letter:

Dear Mother: You will be surprised to hear that I am in the hospital, but I am getting well quickly and am having a good time. But best of all, some Salvation Army people came and sang and talked about sunshine, and while they were talking the sunshine came in through my window—not into my room alone, but into my heart and life as well, where it is going to stay. I know how happy this will make you.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

ONE dear Salvation Army lady had a little hand sewing machine which she took about with her and wherever she landed she would sit down on an orange crate, put her machine on another and set up a tailor shop; sewing up rips; refitting coats that were too large; letting out a seam that was too tight; and helping the boys to be tidy and comfortable again. A good many of our boys lost their coats in the Soissons fight, and when they got new ones they didn't always fit, so this little sewing machine that went to war came in very handy. Sometimes the owner would rip off the collar or rip out the sleeves, or almost rip up the whole coat and with her mouthful of pins skillfully put it together again until it looked as if it belonged to the laddie who owned it. Then with some clever chalk marks replacing the pins she would run it through her little machine, and off went another boy well-clothed. One week she altered more than thirty-

three coats in this way. The soldiers called her "mother" and loved to sit about and talk with her while she worked.

THE MORAL COURAGE OF THE SALVATIONIST

It was not alone the doughnuts that bound the hearts of the boys to the Salvation Army in France, it was what was behind the doughnut; and here, in these wonderful God-led meetings they found the secret of it all. Many of them came and told the girls they did not believe in the so-called "trench religion" and wanted to know the truth from them. And those girls told them the way of eternal life in a simple, beautiful way, not mincing matters, nor ignoring their sins and unworthiness, but pointing the way to the Christ who died to save them from sin, and who even now was waiting in silent Presence to offer them Himself. Great numbers of the men accepted Christ, and pledged themselves to live or die for Him whatever came to them.

How close the Salvation Army people had grown to the hearts and lives of the men was shown by the fact that when they came back from the fight they would always come to them as if they had come to report at home:

"We've escaped!" they would say. "We don't know how it is, but we think it's because you girls were praying for us, and the folks at home were praying, too!"

There were three cardinal principles which were deemed necessary to success in this work. The first and most important depended upon winning the confidence of the boys. This was a prime requisite in any work with the boys, especially by a religious organization.

The first quality looked for in a person professing religion is always consistency. It was felt that if the boys saw that the Salvation Army was consistent, that it stood only for those things in France which it was known to stand for in the United States, that the first step would be established in winning the confidence of the boy. It was therefore determined that the Salvation Army

would not, under any circumstances, compromise, and that it should stand out in its religious work and adhere to its teachings as firmly and as vigorously as it was known to do at home.

A stand upon the tobacco question was, therefore, highly important. Other organizations were encouraging the use of tobacco but those who had come in contact with the Salvation Army at home knew that it had always discouraged its use, and although the officers had to go against the judgment of many high military authorities who thought they should handle it, they decided that the Salvation Army would not handle tobacco and that no one wearing its uniform should use it. The consistency of the Salvation Army and the careful conduct of its workers won the esteem of the boys.

The second requisite was that the Salvation Army should be willing to share their hardships. To accomplish this, it was made a rule that Salvation Army workers should not mess with officers but should draw their rations at the soldiers' mess, also that they should not associate with the officers more than was absolutely necessary and that in the huts. It was neither possible nor desirable that officers should be kept out of the huts, but as far as possible soldiers were made to feel that the Salvation Army was in France to serve them and not for its own pleasure or convenience.

The third requisite was that the Salvation Army should be willing to share their dangers and this was proved to them when they went to the trenches—the Salvation Army moved to the trenches with them and established huts and outposts as close to the front line as were permitted.

A LETTER HOME

"There is just one thing more I wish to speak of, and that is the little old Salvation Army. You will never see me, nor any of the other boys over here, laugh at their street services in the future, and if I see anyone else doing that little thing that person is due for a busted head! I haven't seen where they are raising a tenth the money some of the other societies are, but they are the topnotchers of them all as the soldiers' friend, and their handouts always come at the right time. Some of those girls work as hard as we do."

"The Salvation Army over here is doing wonderful work. *They haven't any shows or music, but they certainly know what pleases the boys most*, and feed us with homemade apple pie or crullers, with lemonade—a great big piece of pie, or crullers, with a large cup of lemonade, for a franc (18½ cents).

"These people are working like beavers, and the people in the States ought to give them plenty of credit and appreciate their wonderful help to the men over here."

In a letter from a private to his mother while he was lying wounded in the hospital, he says of the Salvation Army and Red Cross:

"Most emphatically let me say that they both are giving real service to the men here and both are worthy of any praise or help that can be given them. This is especially so of the Salvation Army, because it is not fully understood just what they are doing over here. They are the only ones that, regardless of shells or gas, feed the boys in the trenches and bear home to them the realization of what God really is at the very moment when our brave lads are facing death. Their timely phrases about the Christ, handed out with their doughnuts and coffee, have turned many faltering souls back to the path and they will never forget it. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity' surely holds good here. You may not realize or think it possible, but a large majority of the boys carry Bibles and there are often heated arguments over the different phrases.

"I have just turned my pockets inside out and the tambourine could hold no more, but it was all I had and I am still in debt to the Salvation Army.

"For hot coffee and cookies when I was shivering like an aspen, for buttons and patches on my tattered uniform, for steering me clear of the camp followers; but more than all for the cheery words of solace for those 'gone West,' for the blessed face of a woman from the homeland in the midst of withering blight and desolation—for these I am indebted to the Salvation Army."

Miss Evangeline Booth,

Commander of the Salvation Army, New York City, N. Y.
DEAR MISS BOOTH:

I beg of you to pardon me for writing this letter, but I feel

that I must. On the 17th day of March I received a letter from my boy in France, and it reads as follows:

"Somewhere in France, Jan. 15, 1918.

"My Dear Mother:

"I must write you a few lines to tell you that you must not worry about me even though it is some time since I wrote you. We don't have much time to ourselves out here. I have just come from the trenches, and now it is mud, mud, mud, up to one's knees. I often think of the fireplace at home these cold nights, but mother, I must tell you that I don't know what we boys would do if it was not for the Salvation Army. The women they are just like mothers to the boys. God help the ones that say anything but good about the Army! These women certainly have courage, to come right out into the trenches with coffee, cocoa, etc., and they are so kind and good. Mother, I want you to write to Miss Booth and thank her for me for her splendid work out here. When I come home I shall exchange the U. S. uniform for the S. A. uniform, and I know, ma, that you will not object. Well, the Germans have been raining shells today, but we are unharmed. I passed by an old shack of a building—a poor woman sat there with a baby, lulling it to sleep, when a shell came down and the poor souls had passed from this earthly hell to their heavenly reward. Only God knows the conditions out here; it is horrible. Well, I must close now, and don't worry, mother, I will be home some day.

"Your loving son,"

Well, Miss Booth, I got word three weeks ago that Joseph had been killed in action. I am heart-broken, but I suppose it was God's will. Poor boy! He has his uniform exchanged for a white robe. I am all alone now, as he was my only boy and only child. Again I beg of you to pardon me for sending you this letter.

In a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Irvin Cobb, who has just returned from France, has this to say of the Salvation Army:

"Right here seems a good-enough place for me to slip in a few words of approbation for the work which another organization has accomplished in France since we put our men into the field. Nobody asked me to speak in its favor because, so far as I can find out, it has no publicity department. I am referring to the Salvation Army. May it live forever for the service which, without price and without any boasting on the part of its personnel, it is rendering to our boys in France!

"A good many of us who hadn't enough religion, and a good many more of us who, mayhap, had too much religion, looked rather contemptuously upon the methods of the Salvationists. Some have gone so far as to intimate that the Salvation Army was vulgar in its methods and lacking in dignity and even in reverence. Some have intimated that converting a sinner to the tap of a bass drum or the tinkle of a tambourine was an improper process altogether. Never again, though, shall I hear the blare of the cornet as it cuts into the chorus of hallelujah whoops, where a ring of blue-bonneted women and blue-capped men stand exhorting on a city street-corner under the gaslights, without recalling what some of their enrolled brethren—and sisters—have done, and are doing, in Europe!

"The American Salvation Army in France is small, but, believe me, it is powerfully busy! Its war delegation came over without any fanfare of the trumpets of publicity. It has no paid press agents here and no impressive headquarters. There are no well-known names, other than the names of its executive heads, on its rosters or on its advisory boards. None of its members are housed at an expensive hotel and none of them have handsome automobiles in which to travel about from place to place. No campaigns to raise nation-wide millions of dollars for the cost of its ministrations overseas were ever held at home. I imagine it is the pennies of the poor that mainly fill its war chest. I imagine, too, that sometimes its finances are an uncertain quantity. Incidentally, I am assured that not one of its male workers here is of draft age unless he holds exemption papers to prove his physical unfitness for military service. The Salvationists are taking care to purge themselves of any suspicion that potential slackers have joined their ranks in order to avoid the possibility of having to perform duties in khaki.

"Among officers, as well as among enlisted men, one occas-

(Continued on page 10)



SMILIN' RELIGION

By Col. William H. Rowe, Jr., S. A.



WE CAN serve the Lord by laughin'
right out loud,

So don't look solemn or you'll
jest queer the crowd.

Slap yer feller traveler right on
the back;

Tell him to do the square thing, an' he won't lack.

Mebbe it's all right to say "Brother," with a moan,

An' say, "Yer Sinful Sister," in snarlin', pious tone,

But it ain't the true religion, an' it ain't worth
while.

Do you want to save a sinner? Well, give him a smile.

Jes' give him all the treatin' he wants at the time;

If you ain't got a dollar, jes' chuck him a dime.

This world is nothin', and it wouldn't be strange

If we all sometime would need a little change;

So pass on religion in a smilin', happy way,

Never stiff or solemn, an' ye'll find eternal day.

ionally hears criticism—which may or may not be based on fair judgment—for certain branches of certain activities of certain organizations. But I have yet to meet any soldier, whether a brigadier or a private, who, if he spoke at all of the Salvation Army, did not speak in terms of fervent gratitude for the aid that the Salvationists are rendering so unostentatiously and yet so very effectively. Let a sizeable body of troops move from one station to another, and hard on its heels there came a squad of men and women of the Salvation Army. An army truck may bring them, or it may be they have a battered jitney to move them and their scanty outfits. Usually they do not ask for help from anyone in reaching their destinations. They find lodgment in a wrecked shell of a house or in the corner of a barn. By main force and awkwardness they set up their equipment, and very soon the word has spread among the troops that at such and such a place the Salvation Army is serving free hot drinks and free doughnuts and free pies. It specializes in doughnuts—the Salvation Army in the field does—the real old-fashioned home-made ones that taste of home to a homesick soldier boy!

"I did not see this, but one of my associates did. He saw it last winter in a dismal place on the Toul sector. A file of our troops were finishing a long hike through rain and snow over roads knee-deep in half-thawed icy slush. Cold and wet and miserable they came tramping into a cheerless, half-empty town within sound and range of the German guns. They found a reception committee awaiting them there—in the person of two Salvation Army lassies and a Salvation Army Captain. The women had a fire going in the dilapidated oven of a vanished villager's kitchen. One of them was rolling out the batter on a plank, with an old wine-bottle for a rolling pin, and using the top of a tin can to cut the dough into circular strips; the other woman was cooking doughnuts, and as fast as they were cooked the man served them out, spitting hot, to hungry, wet boys clamoring about the door, and nobody was asked to pay a cent!

"At the risk of giving mortal affront to ultradoctrinal practioners of applied theology, I am firmly committed to the belief that by the grace of those doughnuts those three humble benefactors that day strengthened their right to a place in the Heavenly Kingdom."

PERSONAL WORDS FROM THE COMMANDER

"**W**HEN people ask me to what I attribute our success in war work, I have only one answer to give—it was our preparedness.

"For fifty years we have been preparing; for fifty years we knew nothing but war. For fifty years we have only gone where there was no peace. For fifty years all our days and all our nights have been spent with broken and wounded men.

"When war swept over the world in 1914, the Salvation Army was prepared. We knew what panic and despair meant. We knew that there have always been separations and bleeding wounds and lonely defeats and nameless graves. In every city and every nation in the world, day and night, the Salvation Army has found these things. For fifty years the organization has worked in its fight against them. It was for that reason we were known as the Army.

"We have no more success now than we have ever had. It is only that the world, which was formerly blind to the panic, despair, and the bitterness, had its eyes opened by a great war, and through it saw something then that only the war had brought into existence.

"The Salvation Army has done nothing new, nothing different. It is only that it took bombs bursting out of the sky, torpedoes tearing open the sea, and guns hurtling death for sixty miles, with armies of millions of men to attract the attention of the world to something quite old. Sometimes the world is a little preoccupied and not especially quick at seeing, but the war caught its eye and in the course of observations, the work of the Salvation Army was noted. It is interesting to us to see that the preparedness of the Salvation Army is now called its success.

"We did not feel that we became any more successful in the estimation of the world when we took the gifts we had to offer to the battlefields of war than when we took them to the battlefields of peace. We are grateful for the words of praise and appreciation and we have been encouraged in recent years as we were never encouraged before.

"The Salvation Army lassie at the front did not regard the

soldier as a social problem to be studied and classified any more than she regarded the outcast of the great cities as a product of some peculiar sociological condition. She simply knew he was a man, a hungry, lonely, utterly miserable man."

WHAT THEY DID AGAINST OLD MAN VIN ROUGE

Those were wonderful moonlight nights at Saizerais, but the Boche airplanes nearly pestered the life out of everybody.

"Gee!" said one of the boys, "if anybody ever says 'beautiful moonlight nights' to me when I get home I don't know what I'll do to 'em!"

The boys were at the front, but not fighting as yet. Occasional shells would burst about their hut here and there, but the girls were not much bothered by them. The thing that bothered them most was an old "Vin" shop across the street that served its wine on little tables set out in front on the sidewalk. They could not help seeing that many of the boys were beginning to drink. Poor souls! The water was bad and scarce, sometimes poisoned, and their hearts were sick for something, and this was all that presented itself. It was not much wonder. But when the girls discovered the state of things they sent off three or four boys with a twenty-gallon tank to scout for some water. They found it after much search and filled the big tank full of delicious lemonade, telling the boys to help themselves.

All the time they were in that town, which was something like a week, the girls kept that tank full of lemonade close by the door. They must have made seventy-five or a hundred gallons of lemonade every day, and they had to squeeze all the lemons by hand, too! They told the boys: "When you feel thirsty just come here and get lemonade as often as you want it!" No wonder they almost worship those girls. And they had the pleasure of seeing the trade of the little wine shop decidedly decrease.

AN APPRECIATION

From "The Stars and Stripes," Official Newspaper of The A. E. F.

"Perhaps in the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to snicker when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth. Perhaps—Heaven forgive you—you even sneered a little when you heard the bespectacled sister in the poke-bonnet bang her tambourine and raise a shrill voice to the strains of 'Oh death, where is thy sting-a-ling.' Probably—unless you yourself had known the bitterness of one who finds himself alone, hungry and homeless in a big city—you did not know much about the Salvation Army.

"Well, we are all homeless over here and every American soldier will take back with him a new affection and a new respect for the Salvation Army. Many will carry with them the memories of a cheering word and a friendly cruller received in one of the huts nearest of all to the trenches. There the old slogan of 'Soup and Salvation' has given way to 'Pies and Piety.' It might be 'Doughnuts and Doughboys.' These huts pitched within the shock of the German guns, are ramshackle and bare and few, for no organization can grow rich on the pennies and nickels that are tossed into the tambourines at the street-corners of the world. But they are doing a work that the soldiers themselves will never forget, and it is an especial pleasure to say so here, because the Salvation Army, being much too simple and old-fashioned to know the uses of advertisement, have never asked us to. You, however, can testify for them. Perhaps you do in your letters home. And surely when you are back there and you pass once more a 'meeting' at the curb, you will not snicker. You will tarry awhile—and take off your hat."

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"And then the Lieutenant kissed her"

A True Tale of Appreciation From the Heart

It was a damp, wet rainy afternoon in the trenches, "Over there." All day the Germans had unmercifully shelled the positions held by the Americans. For 48 hours the men had been without a square meal. It being impossible for the kitchens to send up anything during the terrible bombardment.

At last the intense firing began to dwindle, only an occasional shell being sent over. As the tension relaxed, the men noticed they were hungry, and began to search around for "canned willie" and hard tack.

Suddenly there appeared in the door of the dug-out, where First Aid was administered, two Salvation Army lassies, one with a huge dishpan full of doughnuts, the other with a large pot of steaming coffee.

The Medical Lieutenant in charge of the Dressing Station rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Yes, they were real, both of them, covered with Flanders' mud, and dripping with the rain. The Doughnut angel had brown hair, gray eyes, and "Honest to God" American freckles. She advanced, sure of a welcome.

"Will you have some doughnuts?" she said, stepping up to him with her heavy load.

The Lieutenant came out of his daze, and took a step forward.

"Woman, do you know what I am going to do to you?"

She smiled and shook her head, holding out the doughnuts temptingly.

"Well, I am going to kiss you right here and now." She flushed and dimpled, thus completing the reckless madness already running rampant in his brain.

"I can't drop my doughnuts, so if you want to take advantage of a defenseless...."

Her mouth was stopped with a great big hearty American kiss, not an excuse on the cheeks, like the French give.

The coffee pot girl was served the same way, and during the confusion following, the godless Lieutenant and his Medical Corps boys got twelve doughnuts each, while being only entitled to eight.

As the girls were beating a precipitate retreat down the trench towards the other dug-outs, the Lieutenant called after them, "Say, if either of you want to marry after this blamed war is over, write me, John Powers, at Mt. Hope, Ga. I'm your man."

She of the freckles and the dimples looked back, from a safe distance from the trench.

"What's the use of writing. I live in New York and can meet you at the pier."

And she did.

W. P. B.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS

We salute the little lassie who carried warm things to eat to the boys who were fighting up there in the lines. She made not much of a show, and didn't advertise her heroism—she just went in and did the work! And all the glory she asked was in the knowledge that her share in the game brought cheer and a measure of comfort to the boys. Her name and her splendid little acts of kindness have printed an immortal history in the hearts of the men whose lives she brightened.

(Editorial in Lawrence, Mass., *Tribune*.)

In consonance with The Salvation Army's readiness to share its humble stove with the boys fighting for Uncle Sam, the local branch will open tonight a rest room for the convenience of all fellows in the service. One is justified in filching a "God bless you!" from The Army's over-abundant stock to apply it to the organization itself in this instance.

(Editorial in New York *Sun*.)

Few war organizations have escaped criticism of some sort, but there is, so far one shining exception, and that is The Salvation Army. Every soldier and every civilian who have been brought into contact with its workers sing their praises with enthusiasm. Wherever they have been they have "delivered the goods"—they have proved 100 per cent. efficient as moral and material helpers.

We are inclined to think that a study of their methods might be of service to more pretentious moral instrumentalities. They are not silk-stockinged folks, as a rule, and many of them are sadly unpolished, but they work mainly, it seems, for love of God and man, and personal experience has taught them how to deal with humankind. There are black sheep and weak brothers among them, as among others, but in this great war ordeal, at any rate, there does not seem to be a single blot on their record.

(From Chattanooga, Tenn., *News*.)

From Base Hospital 50, A. P. O., No. 798, comes a fine tribute to the work done by The Salvation Army in the grim conflict "over there." The tribute was paid by W. W. McGee, a wounded soldier, who, at the time of writing, had been in the hospital several weeks. The soldier's letter of praise has been received by Captain C. W. Bowling, officer in charge of the local Salvation Army staff:

"As this great conflict is over," McGee wrote, "and as God has given us the victory and also spared my life, I want to write a few words concerning the wonderful Salvation Army, and of its glorious and heroic services on the firing-line. There isn't a soldier boy in France who hasn't a good word to say of this soul-saving Army. And those who once had no faith in its work are now friends and comrades. I myself have always helped this great cause, but since being in France my belief in it has been doubled, and I fully intend in the future to do all I can to protect its good name. There are not hundreds who will donate to this cause but tens of thousands who will pass the big drum and contribute.

"The dear girls have been more than heroic, working under some of the heaviest barrages of this awful war. When men were being blown into eternity, shells bursting every second, these wonderful girls were there with the boys—caring for the wounded, making hot chocolate, coffee and sandwiches and taking them in the shell holes and in the trenches. This is one case in a thousand where they have done their wonderful work."

"I can truthfully say," McGee stated, "that The Salvation Army was the only organization I saw actually on the front firing-line. Every boy over here is now holding up for The Army, and no one will allow its name spoken without a congratulation on its beautiful character."

(From Editorial in Bristol, Conn., *Press*.)

The Salvation Army has made a reputation in the war that is not surpassed by any other and equaled by few. The testimonials of soldiers are uniformly appreciative, with never a word of criticism. This is not surprising, for Salvation Army workers of experience are more familiar with human life, its needs and kinks, and more tactful, than those of some of the more pretentious organizations. At any rate, The Salvation Army has proven its claim to popular approval and support, and we have

no doubt that it will receive it in larger and more generous manner than heretofore.

(From a New Orleans Newspaper.)

Private Doize, just returned to New Orleans, paid high tribute to The Salvation Army girls. "Before I went overseas," he said, "I used to laugh at The Salvation Army services on the street here, but Edward J. Doize will never ridicule The Salvation Army again, and if I could afford to do it I wouldn't stand back on dropping a \$10 bill in a tambourine every time I saw one extended for money. Right under fire in the front trenches at St. Mihiel The Salvation Army girls, wearing high-topped boots, raincoats, gas masks and steel helmets, handed us boys hot chocolate and doughnuts to help our nerves when we could snatch a moment in the heat of the fight."

(From Omaha, Neb., *World-Herald*.)

"Uncle Sam was good to us over here. The Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus did good work back of the lines, but you can say to your friends in Nebraska that I said that The Salvation Army are the ones to get the credit. They were right out on the front of the battle. They were there, amid the shot and shell and gas attacks, with their hot coffee, doughnuts and candies, and deserve great credit.—Chaplain-Lieutenant G. F. Jonaitis, St. Nazaire, France."

(From Boston, Mass., *Record*.)

A colonel, back from the western front, relates a striking incident illustrating the place The Salvation Army holds in the American soldier's daily routine.

Coming down the road he noticed members of the military police waving their arms in circles. Mystified, he was amazed the following day when he discovered the M. P.'s stamping their feet as if grinding an organ. Demanding the meaning of the strange maneuvers of a sergeant, the problem was solved and one American Yankee colonel was enlightened:

"Well, sir, the waving of the arms in circles indicates doughnut day; and the stamping of the feet is ice-cream day. Oh, boy!"

(From Los Angeles *Herald*.)

Praise for The Salvation Army lassies abounds in the latest letter home of Sergeant O. F. Millsop, of Company D, Fifty-fourth Ammunition Train, and son of Mrs. Grace G. Millsop, of 521 Howard Street, Alhambra.

"After the soldiers get home," he writes, "no one will dare to laugh at the little Salvation Army maiden singing in the street and preaching on the corners, for every man in the American Army swears by them; and they always will!"

"If you are going to print this I wish you would say for me that the boys over there certainly appreciate the great work The Salvation Army is doing for them. If ever a soldier who has been over there passes one of their kettles and doesn't empty his pockets, he doesn't grade up to what the majority expect of him. And don't forget the nurses—we'll swear by them forever!"—Private E. T. Commander, in Duluth, Minn., *Herald*.

(From Seattle, Wash., *Star*.)

"There are two organizations we boys remember—the Red Cross and The Salvation Army. Every mother's son over here has a tinge of regret and sheepish feeling when he recalls the fun he used to poke at The Salvation Army back home. But what a wonderful work they have done over here! It is a common expression from the boys to make: 'When I get back home The Salvation Army can have every nickel I have!'

"They have gone about their work quietly and without seeking publicity. You don't read much of their good work, but they have certainly won a place for themselves in the heart of every fighting U. S. soldier over here.

"As to the Red Cross—well, we simply can't find words to express our feelings! We usually end up with 'God bless them!' That is just what we mean, too.

"Sergeant Howard A. Gregg,

"Regimental Headquarters, 55th Infantry, A. E. F., France."

(Continued on page 18)



A HOTEL THAT IS A HOME

The Story of the Salvation Army Hostel for Service Men on East 41st Street, N. Y.

By HELEN HOFFMAN

SUPPOSE you had been playing the role of mother to 10,000 boys, blonds and brunettes, sailor boys and soldier boys, Australian chaps and some of Canada's finest—Suppose you had been playing the role of mother to 10,000 boys, blonds and brunettes, sailor boys and soldier boys, Australian chaps and some of Canada's finest—wouldn't you, being human, find it only natural to show partiality toward the ones that perhaps might appeal most strongly to your sympathy and interest?

Most anyone would figure it out that way, and Mrs. Adjutant Crosby—that's her correct Salvation Army title—in her work of mothering 10,000 soldiers, is no exception.

Since the opening last December of New York City's attractive Salvation Army clubhouse for soldiers and sailors, more than 10,000 boys, wearing the navy blue and the khaki, have found a welcome and comfortable, though temporary home under its hospitable roof.

Lucky for thousands of boys from overseas that New York gave women suffrage before the boys got back. The reason is that Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont declared when she bought two big brownstone houses at Nos. 13 and 15 East Forty-first Street, New York, a few years ago, that she would pay for their maintenance as suffrage headquarters till women got the vote, if it required the last dollar she possessed.

However, women since then have acquired the vote and Mrs. Belmont still has a few million dollars left. With the New York State victory goading them to further achievement, Mrs. Belmont and her co-workers abandoned the New York headquarters, save for a tiny office on the ground floor of No. 13, and opened offices on a grand scale in the national capital.

Like her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, who has been actively interested in practical war work, Mrs. Belmont decided that the most practical thing she could do would be to turn this valuable property over to The Salvation Army at the time it was hunting all over crowded

New York for a clubhouse to take care of the thousands of overseas men, whom the armistice made certain would be flowing into New York shortly.

That was a happy thought on Mrs. Belmont's part, and the venture has paid big interest in expressions of gratitude and notes of courteous wording from glad mothers who have their sons back home with them again, and who have been told of how "The Salvation Army did this" and "how they did that for me," and "believe me, it is doing a good work," and all the rest of it.

After you have associated with cooties, rats, Hun gas and other discomforts of trench life in the zone of battle, and after you have crossed the briny deep in a hard bunk and cramped in cheerless quarters and finally you land in a building filled with sunshine and plants and bathrooms and a graphophone with all the latest tunes, most like the home you left several months ago, wouldn't it bring a smile to your face and a quickening sense of joy to your heart?

"Well, that's the way it seemed to us fellers the first night we came here. Looked good to us, I tell you," said a young marine, with the round face of a cherub, whom you would never suspect of having disarmed a half-dozen husky Huns, as he stretched his brown-booted legs in contented ease over the blue-figured carpet of the sunny club.

"If it ain't home, it's the next best bet," remarked a boyish sailor, a native of Oregon who, while discoursing knowingly of sub-chasers, depth bombs and other strange and extraordinary craft of sea warfare, remarked naively, "but me for the ranch and a home."

"Home!" That's the magic word that brushes all other considerations and interests aside at this time.

The nearest approach to home which they haven't seen for months—the first to greet them in big, overcrowded, noisy New York, is these sun-filled rooms which The Salvation Army, by the grace of Mrs. Belmont, offers to the boys from overseas so that their home-coming may fall in pleasant places, with the quiet, sympathetic little Salvation

Army women always about to heed their slightest needs.

Some of the guests are waiting their discharge from the army and counting the days when they may expect to reach home. Others have just left the hospital, bearing the scars of battle, and taking a few days to look around the big town. Still others are spending camp leave there, but whatever trick of fate has brought them to the club they consider themselves lucky to be there.

"Can I get a room to-night?" asked an eager youth, as he dropped his khaki roll to the floor.

"I'm sorry, but we haven't a thing," lisps the pretty Salvation Army girl at the desk.

The smile disappears from the boy's face. A sense of fear and tremendous loneliness overtakes him. He is a stranger in New York. What will he do? He cannot afford the big hotels. The girl reads his thoughts. "Wait a minute," she says, "I will call Mrs. Crosby."

"Well, check your bag here, son, and if you like, come back a little later. If you cannot find anything better, I will put you up for the night on a mattress in the reading-room."

To the average person this may not sound such cheerful news, but one who has known the overcrowded condition of New York this Winter and the wild scramble for accommodations of almost any sort, can then realize the smile of satisfaction that overspreads this boy's countenance.

In this modest offer of lodgings there was a warmth of feeling and something that spoke to him of home that couldn't have been had in exchange for a \$25 suite at the most expensive hotel.

Then there was the boy whose battle scars overcame his stronger reasoning one day and he threatened to commit suicide. He was engaged to a young and beautiful girl "out West."

"I've never written to her about my rotten luck," he said, "and it will be different now when she sees me."

"It's no use," he argued. "I have thought it out, and the quickest way is the best."

Mrs. Crosby has keen spiritual eyesight, as it were. She overlooks and ignores the little faults, the shortcomings that might embarrass the thoughtless, but she has perfect vision in a crisis of this sort.

She heard of this boy's threat. She took him aside in a corner. She talked to him like a mother. Meanwhile remembering a little list of names she had of rich young women, who had offered assistance of any sort at any time, she got in touch with one of them.

So out of that vast, mysterious somewhere from which Salvation Army people seem to be able to draw every known sort of help, Mrs. Crosby put the despondent young man in charge of a bright, cheerful young woman. In the soft, warm glow of her beautiful home he often had tea and her luxurious car took him for rides about the city. She treated him like a brother. Surely, if such a beautiful creature didn't find him objectionable, perhaps his Mary might put up with him. Anyhow, he began to reconsider, and he wrote

her and spread the truth before her. The answer was so satisfactory that he is now counting the hours when he shall reach home.

Every Wednesday night at the club is ladies' night and the boys may invite their friends and listen to a concert, enjoy refreshments, such as baked apples and home-made cookies passed around by Salvation Army lassies, who are sometimes aided by young girls of the so-called fashionable society.

Adj. Crosby has charge of the office of this interesting hotel, and there are the two little Crosbys, a little girl of seven and a boy of ten. So in the bosom of this happy family thousands of boys have found a welcome home, and, what is more, real friends and often generous and genuine much-needed aid.

There was the youngster who had suffered shell shock. In the middle of the night he developed a bad case of toothache. He was impatient. He awakened his neighbor and this young man called Mrs. Crosby. With plenty of homely remedies at hand for just such an emergency, Mrs. Crosby applied these and talked with the young man until he dozed off to sleep again.

Then there was the boy who after several days' search found a job. Thinking this would deprive him of the comfort of the club, he took a room at a lodging-house. His mind filled with the happy prospect of getting back to work again, he forgot to lock the door, and when he awakened in the morning he found that his total wealth, amounting to \$11, had vanished. Desperate, as he had to take a train to work, he finally went over to see Mrs. Crosby. Day or night she always seemed to be there just for the purpose of helping fellows out of trouble.

"All I've got is this alarm clock I bought yesterday," he said. "I guess I'll try to pawn it."

"All right," said Mrs. Crosby quickly. "I'll give you the money on it."

"Will you?" the unfortunate youth asked eagerly. "I was afraid to tell you this, for fear you wouldn't believe me."

At any rate, this temporary and timely aid helped him to arrive in time to hold down his long-sought-for job, and get him back in civilian life again.

And there's the boy who has had some misunderstanding with his family, or who has spent all the money they sent him to come home; or there's the generous-hearted boy who helped the others down on their luck until he has been reduced to the same financial status, and there's the boy proud of some newly made acquaintance who would like The Salvation Army women to "meet his lady friend," and all the other little tragedies and romances that make up the sum and substance of human existence.

All have found a friendly response. They seem to know just where to turn and just what to do in every instance. They find a happy solution to every problem and this is done in a quiet manner, with a show of deep motherly interest which every boy is made to feel.





SOLDIERS IN FRONT OF HUT IN THE WOODS



HUT IN THE WOODS—CAMOUFLAGED



MRS. ADJ. HAMMOND BY SHATTERED AMBULANCE



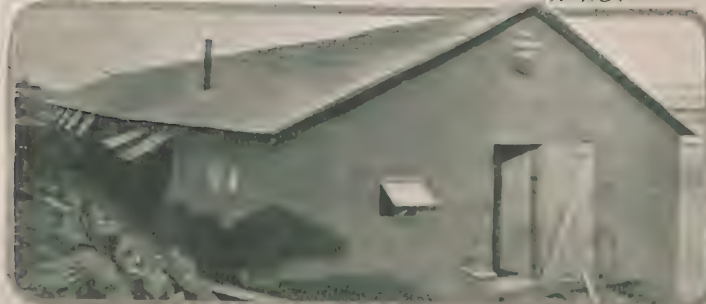
MOTHER BURDICK WITH FLAPJACK BUTTER



SOLDIER WRITING IN HUT



ROLLING DOUGHNUTS



SALVATION ARMY HUT



EVANGELINE BOOTH HUT



A GAME OF CHECKERS IN A HUT



"WHEN A JADDIE MEETS A LASSIE GOIN' THROUGH THE TOWN"



NURSES DOPE



THE NURSE WHO STAYED AT HOME

When the heroines come home from war-scarred lands across the sea

And you give them the ovation that's their due,
Praise their fortitude and patriotism and their love of human life;

Say the best you know,—much more than that is true!

When you think of all the hard things and the trying things they did,

When your fancy soars away with them to roam,
Think a moment of another who as bravely did her bit—
The hard-working nurse who stayed at home.

Someone had to care for sick ones in the homeland as of yore.

The recruits who joined the ranks, still must be taught.
Though she longed to share the burden and the toil across the sea,

Someone must stay, so her wishes went for naught.

There's no world-wide praise to cheer her on her weary, changeless round,

Though her work is ten times harder than before;
Still she smiles with tireless patience and performs unending tasks,

Wondering if she can't find time for something more.

Sing your praises, shout your welcome to the ones far o'er sea
To all thoughts of their comfort they've been blind.

But don't forget to offer just a little well-earned praise
To the nurse who, doing her bit, stayed behind.

—Nan Calkins Pfouts.

HIS NURSE

A mine of sympathetic deeds,
She was to him a pearl.
In tending to his many needs,
His mind became a whirl.

His bony hand she held to take
His palpitating pulse;
And fast he wished it for the sake
Of going nowhere else.

With heavy sighs he raised his eyes
To where her eyelids lay,
And feeling like a hero tries
His very best to say,

"My love is like an aeroplane:
I'm all up in the air.
And what I say is very plain,—
You certainly are there.

"And if you'll marry me, my Nurse,
You'll surely make me well.
Thru life you'll hold my pulse and purse,
And love our life will spell."

"Go 'way," she said, "I'll pull your nose,
Your brain is all upset.
Well under ether no one knows
The many words you said.

"But this I know, and know it well;

You bellowed full and strong.

'Say Wifey, stop that baby's yell.

What the Hell is wrong'?"

THE WORK DONE IN FRANCE

BY HARRY RUBLE, CANTON, OHIO

We were just the litter bearers,
And we didn't amount to much,
Yet you always found us up in front
When our Dough Boys fought the Dutch.

Now there's an old, old saying

That was written long ago,
"It takes all kinds of people
To make this old world go."

The same applies to fighting

So listen while I tell,
How the Canton litter bearers
Helped to give the Germans hell.

In the cold gray dawn of morning

Just before the drive would start,
We would shoulder up our litters
And go front to do our part.

Up the road and through the fields

In a single file we marched,
While our breath was coming quickly
And our throats were, Oh, so parched!

Then the hour zero, we called it,

Had arrived and well we knew,
That before the day was ended
Your or my life might be through.

Did we halt, or did we waver?

Did we hesitate or stop?
No! For very well we knew,
Our BOYS were o'er the top.

Then after we had found him,

Oh, the pity of the sight,
Lying there in his own blood,
So very still and white.

Your very soul would sicken,

Your body, too, would sag,
When he'd look up and smile,
And ask, "Say, Doc, you got a fag?"

We'd light for him a cigarette,

And he'd take a puff or two
Then look up and smile or ask,
"Do you think that I'll pull through?"

So we would smile and say,

"Why sure enough, old scout,"
Though well we knew that moment
His life was ebbing out.



Life Preservers of the A. E. F.

Now, mothers, grieve not for your sons,
Who lie neath foreign sod,
For we litter carriers know full well
They are up there with their God.

We have seen many a life go out,
Their last words would always be,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
They were taught at mother's knee.

Yes, it takes nerve to be a doughboy,
To fight and perhaps to fall,
But to be a litter carrier,
It takes nerve, heart, soul and all.

PSALM OF LIFE IN A. N. C.

Tell me not in words of censure,
Nurses are as hard and mean
As the patients often term them,
For they're not so, if they seem.

Though they scold, though they flatter,
And they put you on "K. P.,"
It will help to make you better
For the wife whose you will be.

Cures of ill men all around us,
Make our hardened eyes to see
What rich blessings they are to us,
As they serve humanity.

Blessings that to us are priceless,
Far outweighing gold and wealth,
When these strong and willing women
Help restore us back to health.

NURSES CAN DRESS UP NOW WITH SILK TIES, PINS 'N EVERYTHING

Changes in the uniform of the Army Nurse Corps are announced in War Department Regulations. With the white or navy blue outdoor uniform waist there will be worn a plain black silk tie, tied in four-in-hand style and a plain gold or gilt bar pin to hold the points of the collar in position.

TO THE A. N. C.

There's a legion of wonderful women,
That came from the east and west,
The north and the south sent their quota,
Each state sent its bravest and best.
They came without trumpets or shouting
At the call of the grim god of war,
And gladly gave all without thought of reward.

In the camps, cantonments and bases,
Mid the harrowing scenes "over there,"
They toiled for the suffering soldiers,
And the boys blessed their motherly care.
Their emblem the Cross of Geneva,
Their motto: "Just service, then more,"
They gladly gave all, that a soldier might live,
That's the Army Nurse Corps.

Let us drink to these wonderful women,
A toast ere we part from the scene,
Let us drink—and then shatter the glasses,
As cavaliers drink to their Queen.
May the God that rules in the Heavens,
And the God of the land and the sea,
Ever shower the choicest of blessings,
On the women of the Army N. C.

—The Caduceus.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS

(Continued from page 12)

(Editorial in Tulsa, Okla., *Democrat*.)

There was a new kind of credit established by The Salvation Army at the huts near the trenches—just as near to the trenches in France and Belgium as they were permitted to go. It was known as "jawbone credit," and only the soldiers know about it.

Going into a Salvation Army hut the soldier picked out the article he wanted. If he had the money to pay for it, well and good; if he did not have the money he took it along, anyhow. Near the door of every hut was a little box with a slit in the top, and the soldier dropped in there a slip of paper showing that he owed for the article he had taken.

Even the members of The Salvation Army were surprised at the promptness with which the soldiers paid. It is true that some of those whose names were in the jawbone credit-box were killed in battle, but if there was any loss on that account The Salvation Army will not say anything about it. The members of that splendid organization do say, though, that other soldiers paid the amount that was due from their dead companions in many instances.

No other organization got as close to the hearts of the soldiers as The Salvation Army. Its workers went down into the trenches with them—into the mud and mire and into the places soaked with blood. Ask any returned soldier about the work of the organizations over there and he will begin at once to talk about The Salvation Army and to praise it.

There is even more. Watch any soldier as he passes the corner where the little band is singing and praying and beating the tambourine, and you will see him, many times, take off his hat in humble and thankful respect.

(Editorial in Richmond, Va., *Virginian*.)

As we glance back over the summed-up great events of the war, and mark with just pride the splendid deeds with which our men have emblazoned the pages of history, we pause and humbly pay our tribute to that little angel of mercy, The Salvation Army lassie—the girl of doughnut fame. For her service was unostentatious, and often the glory of her is lost in the contemplation of all the gigantic tasks so heroically done amid the noise of battle.

Wounded soldiers, bearing the gold stripes of honor on their sleeves, have come to tell her story. They are eager to speak of her, and of her heroism, though reluctant to dwell on their own big experiences. And they smile with affection and tenderness when they tell how she has made their lives a little brighter with her cheeriness under awful conditions, by her pluckiness in the face of dangers that tried the courage of even the strongest men, her great spirit of unconscious sacrifice which has endeared her to all that great army which witnessed her ministrations.

She was always just in the lines, they say, and through the mud and the horror of the trenches, through the treacherous fire of the enemy, through the worst of everything she smiled her way, bearing her little tray of doughnuts and pies and candy which the boys might have for the asking. They tell how she always made her way to them when the fighting was hardest, and when the dangers there were greatest, and when they needed her most. She didn't hesitate to walk into danger—there was no danger for her, they said, when the boys needed a hot drink and a word of good cheer to help carry on the fight.

(Editorial in Buffalo, N. Y., *Enquirer*.)

If The Salvation Army receives credit for nothing else in connection with the work done in the war zones and at the camps, history will record the excellence of the doughnuts baked and doled out by the "lassies." Their fame has become world-wide. The Salvation Army doughnut has become the piece de resistance of the doughboy.

The Salvation Army will receive greater credit than can be bestowed upon the doughnut, however. None of the organizations that sent representatives into the war zone is deserving of greater credit, if news direct from headquarters and from the boys themselves is to be believed. The workers attached to The Army took up their various tasks without blare of trumpets and they fulfilled the duties assigned to them with quickly-acquired ability, genuine Army patience and extreme courtesy.

(Editorial in Dayton, Ohio, *Herald*.)

It hasn't been so very long ago that it was somewhat the fashion to shrug the shoulders and smile tolerantly when The

Salvation Army was mentioned. Because of some of the organization's so-called sensational methods, such as its open-air meetings, a great many persons in every community were disposed to look down upon The Salvation Army, as an institution of doubtful good. We hear and see nothing of the sort in these days. A great change has taken place. The Salvation Army enlisted for the period of the war, and it was in its element where the danger was the greatest, where the difficulties of service were hardest. If for nothing else—and there is much more that it did—The Salvation Army ever will be gratefully remembered by hundreds of thousands of doughboys for the doughnuts and coffee that it distributed with lavish hand to the men all along the front. The Salvation Army has proved its worth and its usefulness, likewise its adaptability. An organization that could do such wonderful work among the soldiers in France certainly has a mission among all of us in times of peace.

(From Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.)

The Salvation Army in its new hostel, at Broad Street and Fairmount Avenue, offers the home-coming enlisted man a lodging for the night and a bill of fare to warm the heart—even as the "doughboy" or the "gob" may warm his hands and feet in the glow of the biggest fireplace in Philadelphia.

You ought to see that fireplace! S. B. Haines, of Fort Washington, planned it, and it is built up of rough country stone right up to the ceiling. The mantel is much higher than your head, and there are great settles, capacious enough for a small family, in either wing of its protective embrace.

Upstairs and down are beds for the boys, with jouncy spring mattresses, and the kitchen is busy providing the same kind of doughnuts the "doughgirls" of The Salvation Army made and served under fire at the front.

You know it was the front—because The Salvation Army lassies were there, impersonating home to haggard, blood-stained, fagged and hungry men who had just lifted hell's lid, gone over the seething brink and come back again to God's sunlight and the singing birds and the faces of kind, motherly women.

NEW MILFORD HAND LAUNDRY

CHAS. BEHRENS, Prop.

Clothes for each family washed separately

NEW MILFORD

Phone: 77-J Oradell

NEW JERSEY

"The Spaghetti House"

Italian-Amer. Restaurant
SPAGHETTI & RAVIOLISteaks, Chops and
Fried Oysters

A. LA FORGITT, Prop.

Madison Ave.

Dumont, N. J.

MADISON AVENUE
One block west of Picket No. 1KANSAS AT THE SIGN OF THE
SUNFLOWER

36 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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DEPOT SQUARE, ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

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"Say It with Flowers"

Flowers sent by *Parcels Post*
or *Telegraphed to Distant*
Cities in U. S. and CanadaWHO IS THE GREATEST
VAMPIRE OF THE SCREEN???

Can you guess?

Wouldn't you like to have her favorite portrait?

We have it. And YOU may have it—size 8x10, mounted in a heavy folder—for 35c. Yes, and 6 other rich photos of the biggest and best beloved Movie Stars—all for \$2.00. Here they are:

Make Your Selections From This List

Theda Bara	Blanche Sweet
Carlisle Blackwell	Marguerite Snow
Beverly Bayne	Anita Stewart
Francis X. Bushman	Norma Talmadge
Alice Joyce	Pearl White
Jack Kerrigan	Ben. F. Wilson
Mary Miles Minter	Earle Williams
Mabel Normand	Crane Wilbur
Olga Petrova	Lillian Walker
Mary Pickford	Clara K. Young and 100 others

35c. Each. Special Offer, 7 for \$2

Check those you want and enclose money covering your purchase together with this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly thereon and mail TODAY to

S. BRAM, Dept. A-52, 209 West 48th Street, N. Y.

THE DOUGHNUT LASSIES

They lived in hut by the side of the road,
 Of a road "somewhere in France;"
 In the fiery hell of shot and shell,
 Where the laboring troops advance;
 With a doughnut lunch for the boys to munch
 As they staggered past them there.
 And their cheery smiles made the weary miles
 An easier thing to bear.

They lived in a hut by the side of the road,
 And the house was torn and marred
 By the bursting shell that shrieked and fell
 And left the village charred;
 But the boys that pass would find the lass
 With the doughnut and the smile.
 And it gave them "pep" to keep in step
 As they hiked the last long mile.

They lived in a hut by the side of the road,
 And the doughboys" know right well
 How they toiled and worked and never shirked,
 In a place akin to hell;
 And, oh! at night when the sky was bright
 And red with the big gun's flame,
 Heart-breaking strife received new life
 When the steaming coffee came.

They lived in a hut by the side of the road,
 And they were a friend to man,
 For they baked and served and never swerved
 When the red barrage began.
 And the boys they met will not forget
 The "lassies" "ever there,"
 Who worked and toiled and baked and boiled
 To help "Finis la Guerre!"

C. W. WAGGONER.

Chambley, France, Dec. 4, 1918.



A GOOD MAN

I.

A good man never dies—
 In worthy deed and prayer
 And helpful hands, and honest eyes,
 If smiles or tears be there:
 Who lives for you and me—
 Lives for the world he tries
 To help—he lives eternally,
 A good man never dies.

II

Who lives to bravely take
 His share of toil and stress,
 And, for his weaker fellow's sake
 Makes every burden less.
 He may, at last, seem worn—
 Lie fallen—hands and eyes
 Folded—yet, though we mourn and mourn,
 A good man never dies.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Larry Besthoff.

APPRECIATION FROM THE A. E. F.

"Home is where the heart is"—
 Thus the poet sang;
 But "home is where the pie is"
 For the doughboy gang!
 Crullers in the craters,
 Pastry in the abris—
 This Salvation Army lass
 Sure knows how to please!

Tin hat for a halo!
 Ah! She wears it well!
 Making pies for homesick lads
 Sure is "beating hell!"
 In a region blasted
 By fire and flame and sword,
 This Salvation Army lass
 Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious
 And irreverent, too;
 Pies? They link us up with home
 As naught else can do!
 "Home is where the heart is"—
 True, the poet sang;
 But "home is where the pie is"—
 To the Yankee gang!

THEY WENT—

in answer to their Country's call
To fight for freedom, and to lend a hand, withal,
To brother-men across the way,
Who thought and lived and loved as they,
From mountains, valleys, towns and farms,
They came, to take up arms
Against a ruthless foe,
That struck the world an unfair blow.
A host of men,
Who, though they loved God's gift of peace,
Did not from honor seek release;
But, loving it the more,
They trained, and sailed, and marched to war.

THEY FOUGHT—

as only freemen can,
Who, cradled in the thought
That all are born to liberty,
Could never think of standing by
And letting that thought die.
They hated war, and hating,
Fought the more,
That they might conquer that vast host
With whom war was a boast.
They stood their ground,
They fought their fight,
And kept their faith with truth and right;
And they fought fair,
On land, and sea, and in the air.

THEY WON—

They could not lose.
For, when men fight for right
And form a line, however thin,
Though thrice outnumbered,
They can stand and win.
They broke the line
Of picked and chosen men,
Who, in their rush for power
And drive for gain,
Had never dreamed to meet
Young lads who could not think retreat.
They knew their cause,
Their God, was just,
That somehow, somewhere, win they must;
And yet they fought as if
The vict'ry must be won by them,
They could not be outdone.

SOME DIED—

if giving all they had to give,
That those whom they so dearly loved,
Might live, is death,
They died, brave lads,
In battleline arrayed,
In muddy, bloody trench,
In lonely No Man's Land,
With God alone at hand;
Of cruel wounds, of illness,
That stretched forth its hand,
On sea and land;
Or in the air,
As, fluttering from the heights
Like wounded birds, they fell,
Not knowing where.
Somewhere, in poppy-covered,
Cross-crowned fields of France,
'Neath ocean waves,
Or in some God-known place, perchance,
We'll find their graves.

IT IS FOR US—

Who live and have the things
For which they gave their all,
To ne'er forget,
The fast-increasing debt
Of love we owe;
And ever and anon recall
What they have done,
How they have fought and won.
It is for us in Church and State,
To set apart and dedicate
Our lives to God, for such a use,
That we may offer no excuse
When we go Home,
And meet them face to face,
And catch their smile,
And unashamed and unafraid,
Strike hands with those we've loved
And lost awhile.

ROBERT BREWSTER BEATTIE.

MEN

BY WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS, ELEVENTH ENGINEERS, U. S. A.

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The snappy men, the happy men—
Who heard the bugle call—
Who reckoned not the reason—
Who gave their lives and all.

The swinging men, the singing men—
The cadence of the road—
The joyful song of conquest,
Lending lightness to the load.

The landing men, the standing men—
The hours in the rain—
The endless, anxious waiting
For the transport of the train.

The striving men, the driving men,
Who put the business through—
Relentless in their purpose,
Which was but to die or do.

The leaping men, the creeping men,
The stealthy, stern patrol—
The star-shell in the darkness
Striking fear into the soul.

The flying men, the dying men,
Upon the battlefield—
The craven and the hero
In the light of day revealed.

The broken men, soft-spoken men,
Who felt the cannon's breath—
Who trod the Vale of Sacrifice
And touched the hand of Death.

The graver men, the braver men,
Back in our arms once more,
Bring brighter revelations
Than we ever knew before.

ADD 'EM RIGHT UP

One hour K. P.
One hour ward duty.
Four hours African Pool.
Six hours with Hoyle.
One A. W. O. L.
One G. O. 45.
Six months in the Guard House.
Then this bird says that the Army is no place for a gentleman.
—Trouble Buster.



MARINES IN FRONT OF
EVANGELINE BOOTH HUT



THEY WERE JUST AS GOOD AS THEY LOOKED
THE SALVATION ARMY BAKE
THOUSANDS OF PIES



MOUNTED SOLDIERS IN FRONT OF HUT



MAKING PIES AT L'HERMITAGE



ADJUTANT HELEN P. JRIVANCE
GIVING THE "GOOD BOOK"
TO DOUGHBOY



GIVING GOODIES TO THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE



...LINED UP FOR DOUGHNUTS



DO YOU KNOW HIM? PERHAPS HE IS YOUR BOY
HE KNOWS THE SALVATION ARMY AND ITS WORK "OVER THERE" — A HAND OUT —



LIEUTENANT LOUISE CARMIKLE "BABY CARMIKLE"
YOUNGEST SALVATION ARMY OVERSEAS WORKER

HIS PROBABLE ACTION

"I notice a good deal in the papers about our soldiers taking up farming when they return from overseas," musingly said honest Farmer Hornbeak. "So, probably, by this time next year I'll be deferentially saying: 'Pardon me, Colonel, but the dinner horn has just blown,' or a trifle more briskly, 'Captain, them hogs is out again,' or yelling in no uncertain tones, 'Lieutenant, dad-durn your ordery pictures, do you want to lay abed all day!'"

—From The Country Gentleman.

ENLISTED MEN PRAISE THE ARMY
State Benefits Obtained From It

An insight into the views of the soldier on the army is reflected in a questionnaire put to 1381 men of the 12th Division at Camp Devens, Mass., by Major General Henry P. McCain, commanding, the former Adjutant General of the Army, the results of which are given in the April number of the Infantry Journal. The queries were put to men about to be discharged, and they gave, at the request of General McCain, their answers freely and frankly as to what they thought of the army and what benefits or injuries service therein had accrued to them, and the replies are considered an expression of the personal convictions of the average soldier.

About 50% of the queries went to men supposed to be dissatisfied with army service, 89.5% of the soldiers who submitted replies stated that their army life had benefited them personally in one or more ways, and only 10.5% believed they had not been benefited. It was shown that 79% were glad they received military training for its own sake, aside from patriotic pride in having served when their country called.

"I cannot use words large enough to express the benefits I have received," said one soldier. "It has enabled me to become a wireless operator. My health has been improved 100%. The study of men, their ways, and how to get best results will be a decided advantage to me for my future. My general knowledge of many things will enable me to talk on different subjects which I have learned."

"I like the life and intend to make it my life work. Military training has been of great value," says another.

"The army has given me a broader outlook," writes still another. "One learns to consider the other man as well as himself. I have never felt better physically. I have straightened up my shoulders and have gotten over the habit of looking at the ground. The army has taught me, when given a job, to get it done quickly as possible and correctly. It has shown me the value of working during working time and using resting time to rest. I have also learned to keep better hours and to appreciate being out in the open."

A summary of the replies show that 127 of the soldiers believed their religion was benefited by service in the army, while 30 stated that it had been harmed. Fifty claimed that their morals had been injured while 227 said their morals had been improved. Over 300 mentioned that they had been benefited in their habits, and 974 in their health or physical strength.—The Yankee Flare.

DREAMING

Ain't it disappointing when you are standing on the road waiting for a trolley car, and a swell jane picks you up in her Hudson Super Six and says would you like to go for a nice drive, and you say yes, and you go down to the beach, and then she takes you to her home and introduces you to her nice old father, and mother and her nice lil sister, and you play the dickens, I mean the Victrola, and sing and dance and while that is going on, the old lady is fixing a swell supper and you all sit down to eat, and you are just having a swell time, and just finishing with peach ice cream and cake, and then you wake up. Ain't it disappointing?

—Trouble Buster.

When you hear soldiers talking about the thirty, forty and fifty dollar a week jobs they left behind, we can't help but wonder how the holders of the fifteen and twenty dollar positions kept out of khaki. Sometimes we feel as though we were the only soldier that rode to work in a street car.

WATCHDOGS OF PEACE DAYS

Over-the-Top cannot draw its short career of six months to a close with the final issue next Wednesday without raising its voice now to join the hue and cry already gone up in this land against the humiliating, disgraceful sight of a man in uniform begging, or trying to defraud the public.

This practice, which became unbearable in some cities, was despicable and a national campaign launched to scotch many contemptible crooks parading in the uniform of the United States army is vigorous. Cities which have been successful in clearing up this evil are to be congratulated.

From reports to date, Louisville, the fine old Southern city, which has a high reputation in connection with its neighbor soldiers, has been peculiarly free from such pan-handling, and has largely escaped this ugly friction between the soldier element and the citizens. Louisville has the name among officials at Washington of offering better co-operation on cantonment problems than any city in the United States adjacent to an army camp.

Soldiers, beware! Be jealous of the reputation of your soldiery. Do not allow yourself, or permit any other to misrepresent a soldier, to beg in uniform, or to indulge in fraudulent practices. The Government guarantees reconstruction and restitution to the disabled. Begging is unnecessary.

The nation now expects higher ideals of the soldier. If you slip it will be said that an "ex-soldier" did it, and your disgrace will be shared by honored buddies.

Play the game clean, cleaner than you did before you donned the olive drab. It is expected of you, of all of us who have been in the service. Let it be said that the returned soldiers are the guardians of civilization and democracy in peace as well as in war.

Look to your laurels.

Remember victory is on your brow.

Keep it there.

GOOD FOR YORK

Alvin York, that East Tennessee "conscientious objector" who was "converted" to such an extent that he licked a German battalion, continues to make good. He has turned down a vaudeville offer. He refused a "big time" in Nashville. He rejected a free trip for him and his new wife across the continent.

What he wants to do is to settle down, improve that hillside farm, and "carry-on" as a good American citizen, minding his own business and making his own way. Being a "hero" to a lot of curious-minded folk who didn't care much about him in the days before the war, doesn't appeal to him. He doesn't want to make capital out of his uniform or his medal of honor, and isn't looking for any "handouts" because he was handy with an automatic rifle in a ticklish place in the Argonne.

York is a self-respecting, upstanding, he-man.

But if York needs any capital to develop that farm, he'll find that his soldier's record as a dependable, honest, clear-eyed, quick-witted individual will be a good asset to possess and a proper letter of introduction to use.

BORDEN'S
MILKQUALITY—
SERVICE—

You gain these two desirable features when you buy Borden's Milk

Our many years of experience in supervising the production of milk, our thorough system of inspection and our ideal delivery organization insure your receiving the finest quality of products and a truly satisfactory service.



BORDEN'S FARM PRODUCTS CO. INC.



Salvation Lassie O' Mine

THE ARMY AS A STEADY JOB

By Elsie Janis, A Regular Guy

If mother had only had the forethought to bring me up a regular guy, I certainly would consider Uncle Sam's army as a good steady job.

This war has taught us a lot about armies. Personally I never went in for soldiers before the war, and I thought the army was mostly brass buttons and bull.

But now, having spent nearly seven months traveling in army cars, eating army food, obeying army orders and falling in love with the entire army, I know better, and I think a lot of the fellows who kicked about things "over there" are going to miss the same things over here.

Take, for instance, Private —, who hated the routine and regulations. He will find the same routine and regulations when he comes back to trying on shoes for peevish women or adding up figures in books that only tell of the money some one else is making or losing.

In the army he took orders from his superior officers, but he knew that if he made good he might be giving orders in a few months. But as office boy in a waist manufacturing company, what chance has the poor boob got of sneaking up the ladder when the guy who monopolizes the top rung is a regular Potash or Perlmutter, whose business is to grease the rungs and keep expenses down?

The pay in the army is good. The private soldier is admitted to be the "top dog," because without him there ain't going to be no war—or peace! The American army will always have food, even though the cost of living goes so high that St. Peter has to throw it back.

The army will always have a place to sleep, even though common millionaires can't afford a hall bedroom in a New York hotel, and the army will always be respected, because

that is what an army is for—to demand respect and to get it—not to fight for it all the time, but to be ready in case any one is doubtful.

If I were a boy struggling in the whirlpool of wage-earners today I would volunteer for the army of occupation. I would see France and Germany, and maybe Russia.

I'm for the army all the time, and I advise every man I know to get into it—and at the same time be proud to be one of a crowd of regular guys.

GIRLS! HERE'S ANOTHER VOTE FOR YOU!

All of Us Came Back the Same Way

AMERICA'S WOMEN FIRST

Emphatic Judgment of a Soldier Just Back From France

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: The Imperator has just brought me to Hoboken and I rise in my place to inform the world that American women and children need take no odds from any one.

This is said with the greatest deference to the charming ladies I have met abroad, but the fact is that the American women in and about New York are, on the whole, the finest lot I have seen since September 27, 1917, on which day I sailed for France.

Absence, I must regretfully admit, had rather obscured my notions with regard to American women, but it wasn't necessary to go beyond River street, Hoboken, to realize that America's greatest glory is her women. I'm for them, and so is every soldier who has had the opportunity to make comparisons. Of the A. E. F.'s opinion let there be no doubt.

K. M. ELISH.

CASUALTIES

By Wilfred Wilson Gibson

II. ALAN GORDON.

Roses he loved, and their fantastic names—
 Gloire de Dijon, Leonie Lamesh,
 Chateau de Clos-Vougeot—like living flames
 They kindled in his memory afresh,
 As, lying in the mud of France, he turned
 His eyes to the gray sky, light after light;
 And last within his dying vision burned
 Chateau de Clos-Vougeot's deep crimson night.

III. JACK ALLEN.

"I'm mighty fond of blackberry jam," he said;
 "It tastes of summer. When I come again.
 You'll give me some for tea, and soda-bread?"
 Black clusters throng each bramble-spray burned red,
 And, over-ripe, are rotting in the rain;
 But not for him is any table spread
 Who comes not home again.

VII. JACOB SMETHWICK.

He sang in the little Pidgeley choir,
 With shining eyes and soul afire:
 "Jerusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys, when shall I see?"
 And even in Jerusalem
 He died of dysentery.

X. JIM PURDHAM.

They fought and quarreled fifty times a day,
 She cursed her marriage, and she wished him dead;
 And then the war came—and he went away.
 But sore she missed him, for no news she heard
 From that day on, till, in some heathen land,
 A bayonet struck him, and they sent her word.
 Holding the yellow envelope in her hand,
 She fell down in a swoon, and never stirred—
 Breathing her last, the telegram unread.

XI. PHILIP DAGG.

It pricked like needles shashed into his face,
 The ceaseless, rustling smother of dry snow
 That stormed the ridge on that hell-raking blast.
 And then he knew the end had come at last,
 And stumbled blindly, muttering "Cheery-oh!"
 Into eternity, and left no trace.

—From "The Atlantic Monthly."

AFTERWARDS

The years go by and a man forgets
 Old barricades in the bitter fray;
 The ancient wrongs and the dull regrets
 He knew so well in a younger day;
 The slogging hikes and the sudden fears
 That haunted him in the mud and rain
 Are gilded soon in the passing years,
 Wiped clean again of the crimson stain.

"Never again!" is the doughboy's cry,
 And deep in his soul he means it all;
 But after the months have drifted by,
 He leans again to the bugle call;
 Soon forgetting the army slum,
 The blasting shell in the swampy glen;
 His dreams sweep back to the rolling drum
 And a life on the open road again.

The reveille of a rainy dawn—
 An endless road with a gun and pack;
 A "bawling out" where the line is drawn
 With never a chance to answer back;
 Broken dreams where the Fokkers drift,
 Even the stockade, dull and gray,
 Drudgeries of a K. P. shift—

"They all look good when you're far away."

—Grantland Rice.

SILVER TUBE BECOMES FAIRY WAND FOR
DISABLED SOLDIER

Don't Say You Can't Do It! Here is One Who Did

Washington, August 30.—It makes you feel about two feet, two inches high when you have been kicking about your troubles and you suddenly get reminded of somebody who really had some, like Job, or a Belgian baby, or, just to get down to America, Paul R—, first class, private in the American flying corps.

This young American was pegging away at the book publishing business when the war gave him an opportunity to get into aviation, and after that you couldn't keep that boy's feet on the ground at all. He tucked the book publishing business away in his trunk, and began to think in terms of clouds and Liberty motors.

He had just got on to the technical terms and learned to fly without expecting to fall overboard when the accident happened. One day when they were about two hundred feet in the air, something went wrong and Paul R— was lying doubled up on the dead grass of a field. After the first stunned feeling had passed he began to look for wounds. Nothing seemed to hurt except his throat, and just about that time he got tired, awfully tired, and stopped thinking for about a week.

There isn't any one who goes around being glad because he can breathe, is there? Paul R—has set the style. He found when he came to one day after it all happened that there was a silver tube in his throat which would probably be there indefinitely. He found that he couldn't breathe at all without it, and so he decided that there was something to be glad about anyway. It takes more than that to down a good man!

When he got back to the United States with that tube still in evidence, he got the Federal Board for Vocational Education to go over his assets and see what the future held for him. After the advisers got a line on what he had been doing before he left for France, and found out that he had always hoped to be sent to foreign countries for the trade, they suggested that he take a course in a business school, and follow it up with a course in foreign trade, and then—go to it!

That is what he is doing now. He is still under treatment and there is hope that he will get well, but whether he does or not, there is a position open with one of the big New York City banks just for him, and it leads to South America and the islands of the sea.

It makes that silver tube sound like the wand in a fairy story. And his courage is the kind that killed the dragons, and earned the fortune!

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN ON SAME
FOOTING WHEN IT COMES TO
TRAINING PAYCongress Sets Minimum Allowance for Soldiers in
Training

Washington, August 28.—By direct action of Congress officers now receive the same pay during their course of education with the Federal Board for Vocational Education as enlisted men. Formerly the monthly compensation of the disabled man in training was equal to the amount of his monthly pay for the last month of his actual service. This was paid by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Federal Board made up the difference, so that he would receive not less than \$65 a month. By this method officers were paid a much larger amount than privates. The amendment to the Act, which was passed in July, places the entire responsibility of training pay upon the Federal Board and fixes the maximum amount at \$80 a month for a man without dependents, regardless of his former army pay.

Only in cases where the amount of compensation due the man exceeds his training pay can the Bureau of War Risk Insurance pay anything to either the man or his dependents while he is training. In a few cases of total disability the Bureau is called upon to add to the training pay.



Courtesy of E. J. Workers' Review. Endicott-Johnson Shoe Co.

President Wilson and American Soldiers Returned from German Prisons

WORKING AT FULL SPEED

Case Board of Federal Board for Vocational Education is Now Considering 1,000 Cases a Day

Washington, August 26.—Disabled soldiers and their families have been concerned about the time consumed in arranging for training with the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

A knowledge of the procedure necessary for the Board to legally place the man in training will do much to clear up this misunderstanding. The Central Case Board is working at great pressure, as are the district boards. Almost 1,000 cases are being reviewed by the Central Case Board every day. These cases have been previously passed on by the district officers, but certain evidence must be in the possession of this Central Board before the man's case may be approved. The official army discharge and the military or naval medical report are very essential. These documents are the proof that the disability was incurred while in the service, or that it is in some way traceable to such service. Having established these facts, the Board must determine that the man's disability is the cause of a vocational handicap that must be overcome through a course of training. The new vocation for which the man is to be trained must be examined, with the view to its suitability and the man must be steered away from overcrowded occupations. The process reads smoothly. But note the obstacles: Discharge papers are missing and it takes time to get duplicates, medical certificates are lost, and more time is wasted in renewing them. Insufficient evidence on vital points must be completed. Time is consumed in supplying the facts which must be in the possession of the Board before government money can be used for training.

In some instances men must be brought to the district offices for personal interviews on examinations. Personal desires must be considered in the light of economic advantages. In other words, the reeducation of disabled soldiers, sailors and marines is a great big human problem, the man's future is at stake—he must, if possible, attain

independence as well as satisfaction; the best interests of the community is in the balance, non-productive citizenship must be controlled. Thoroughness in investigation is the right of the disabled man. A little forethought on the part of the discharged soldiers in securing beforehand the necessary evidence and a little patience on the part of the public will help in the accomplishment of the work.

DISABLED SOLDIERS IN REHABILITATION WORK

Many Discharged Men at Work in the Offices of the Federal Board for Vocational Education

Washington, August 27.—The unvarying policy of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in its dealings with disabled soldiers asking for reeducation is to prepare them for jobs that are permanent. The futility of temporary employment, no matter how alluring its present attractions may be, is always made plain to the discharged man and the advantages of a permanent job are held up to him. To insure steady employment in government positions, the Board is training for places under the Civil Service. The Board is constantly employing men for its own use. The work in three file rooms of the central office is done entirely by discharged soldiers, a number of whom belonged to the famous Rainbow Division.

Major Elbert A. Palmer, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, Chief of Medical Service, U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., has also been recently promoted from the rank of captain. Major Palmer's ever-dominant smile and pleasant features toward all have won him a high position in the esteem of the enlisted men, nurses and officers. He has at all times worked earnestly and his promotion is the kind of promotion that makes our Army the most efficient in the world and makes our branch—the Medical Corps—the second highest branch in the service. We extend our hearty congratulations to one so worthy.

To Men Who Think They are Down and Out (Now or at Any Time)

READ WHAT IS GIVEN BELOW

THE following is a letter from Mr. Dowling, himself a cripple, who would ordinarily be considered down and out because, years ago when he was a boy of fourteen he lost both feet, one hand, and most of the other, from being almost frozen to death in a blizzard. Yet he "thanks God he is not a cripple." He is president of a bank in Olivia, Minn. He drives his own car, walks, dances, hunts big game, travels by himself, in other words lives just as other men do. And when he started out to fend for himself, he didn't have the proverbial "just my two bare hands," because one of them was gone, along with both feet, and what he had left wasn't much good. But he made good! In the July number of the American Magazine there was the story of his life. If you haven't read it get the American and read it. Better still subscribe for the American, because it is chock full every month with just such inspiring stories. When I read this article I wrote Mr. Dowling asking him to send me something for the "Mess-Kit," something wounded and maimed soldiers would like to read. I got a letter from his bank saying he was overseas for the purpose of doing what he could to help the morale of the wounded man, and cripples in Great Britain and France. A few days ago I received the following letter from him. You will see what a wonderful thing a real man is! Read what he says of the cripples he has met. It gives one a new lease on life to think of these splendid men happy under the conditions Mr. Dowling describes. Think of it! and he is a cripple too, over there to cheer other cripples on the way!

Cut this letter out, and paste it in your scrap book. When you feel like the world has it in for you, and that you have no chance, take it to a good light and read it carefully. You will see by this letter the men do not want to wear the distinctive uniform. Why? Because it points them out as cripples, and they want to be looked on as other men are. See?

W. P. B.

HOTEL CURZON

Mayfair, London, W., July 7, 1919.

Lt. Barron,

Your letter reached me here, and finds me very busy helping the British Red Cross "cheer up" the disabled Tommies.

There are 36,000 amputation cases in the Kingdom, of which 1-3 are arm cases. There are 1,600 totally blind, going through St. Dunstons. Sey Nicholas is totally blind and has also lost both hands, but he is a wonder, and needs no cheering up. He actually uses a typewriter. One day last week I ate luncheon with ten men who were armless. All but two of them fed themselves. They were a jolly bunch. The two who were being fed by pretty nurses have no stumps on which to fit arms. I told these that it was worth while to have such pretty girls to feed them. This was at Roehampton Hospital in which there are 900 men, all being fitted with artificial limbs, and taught to use them in various trades. I saw five men, with an arm gone, out spading the first day they were wearing an artificial arm.

We are having splendid meetings, one attended by 2,700 limbless men. The British Government has a good system of handling cases but the men do not like to wear the distinctive blue uniforms. Pen and light are poor, will try to write you when I get home in September.

Yours,

M. J. DOWLING.

The life history of a man like Mr. Dowling, or these men he has written about shows that the only way you can keep a man like this down is to kill him, and you had best be sure he is dead before you leave him. What he has done with his life any cripple can do, maybe not in the same way, but surely in some way. As the Salvation Army says, "A man may be down, but he is never out." This is true in a mental, moral and physical sense. If you know of some crippled soldier or any other man who needs the tonic of the above, please send this to him.

From the Hackensack Evening Record,

Aug. 12th, 1919

The marriage of Miss Ethel Marguerite Hayden to Private First Class Max LeRoy Anderson of Brayton, Iowa, took place on Sunday in St. Mary's Church on Vreeland Avenue. Rev. Father O'Malley officiating.

The bride wore a beautiful satin dress with Georgette trimmings, and the groom wore his military uniform.

Anna, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Arthur Myers of the Knights of Columbus was the best man.

After the ceremony an auto tour was enjoyed by the newly weds and at a late hour joined in the reception tendered them at the bride's home at 522 Hudson Street.

The bride and groom were the recipients of many valuable presents.

The groom is at present stationed at the Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., and expects his discharge in September, after which the couple will make their home in Brayton, Iowa.

ORGANIZED FOR SERVICE

How the Federal Board for Vocational Education has Organized to Reach the Disabled Soldiers

Washington, August 25.—The Federal Board for Vocational Education is charged with the administration of two

laws: (1) the Vocational Education Law and (2) the Vocational Rehabilitation Law. For the administration of the second law a very far-reaching organization has been perfected. The Chief of the Division of Rehabilitation, who is immediately under the Director of the Board, has as assistants superintendents for advisement, for training, for placement, for medical care, for cooperation, for case work and for records and returns.

In the fourteen districts into which the country is divided for the convenience of the disabled men, as well as the work, the district vocational officers each with their corps of assistants make the personal contacts with the soldiers. Supervisors and field officers are the connecting links between the district offices and central office. This organization is for the purpose of making easy the way or reeducation for the disabled man.

After thorough investigation of the vocational needs of disabled men, by the district staffs, recommendations for their training are sent in to the central office, and immediately upon the receipt of a favorable decision of the Board the district office places the man in training and his training pay begins.

If any disabled soldiers of your acquaintance are ignorant of this organized effort of the government for his return to civil life, advise him to write to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, 200 New Jersey Avenue, Washington, and find out the facts for himself.



CONTRIBS



WHY THE CHAPLAINS WENT A. W. O. L.

Chaplains, of all men in the Army, are supposed to set a good example. But not long ago one went A. W. O. L. from his organization soon after he had returned from France. When brought to task for it he offered the following in evidence. Do you blame him? What would you have done? Let us hear from you.

Home.

Thursday A. M.

A HYMN OF HATE

I HATE Major Jones
AND I hate a soldier
WHO will *not* be A. W. O. L.
TO SEE his sweetheart!
AND I hate regimental reports
AND I hate long distance telephone girls
WHO want to be kissed by Southern gentlemen,
AND I hate "considering things
LEFT unsaid," for it's a dangerous matter,
AND I hate "talking to myself"
INSTEAD of to a pair of expressive
SAD brown eyes.
AND I hate remaining in the city
SO THAT a lieutenant might pay an *occasional*
VISIT to his lady friend.
(SHE might just as well be in Kalamazoo).
AND I'll hate the Secretary of War or the King of the Chaplains
OR WHOEVER it is who bosses the chaplains,
IF HE does not recognize the work
DONE by my American off-e-sur
AND make him a Major, so that he may wear maple leaves
INSTEAD of baby pins to protect himself against
BEING vamped by the worst kind of a vamp (an icicle)
(SHE always scratches her arms on the Lt. pins!)
AND I hate rainy days when there is
NO ONE around to make things seem sunny and bright.
AND I hate cold days in the summer time
WHEN a chaplain does not stroll in to talk of
A COZY parson's home and loving hearts.

RUTH.

CAMOUFLAGE

If you see a complexion that's peaches and cream,
Remember things always aren't just what they seem;
Just take a good look, and come out of your dream—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

If the opposite player leans back in his chair,
Looks happy and whistles a popular air,
Why, just ask the dealer for all he can spare—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

If you're touched for a loan by a friend who is flat,
And who'll pay "the day after or swallow his hat,"
Just borrow his watch till the day after that—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

If you don't want to drill when the weather is hot,
Why, just throw a fit in a suitable spot;
A mouthful of lather will help quite a lot—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

The reason the Kaiser, the silly old ass,
Lost out in the fighting was simply, alas!
He never got out of the primary class—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

—Fort Bayard News.

DEVOTION

Tall she was, and pale—the exquisite pallor of a fine, white skin. Her black garments served only to make her pallor more attractive—garments that draped the lissom curves of her superb, young form, revealing as much beauty as they concealed.

She glanced neither to the right nor to the left, nor was she conscious of any scrutiny. Her large dark eyes, wistful in vision, gazed through, beyond and above; her face held that look of flawless purity with which Leonardo has vested in Madonnas.

About her neck hung a chain of gold and amethyst, the pendant cross of which was clasped between her tenuous fingers. Her lips moved silently, unceasingly in earnest dedication and zeal. It seemed as though she poured her very soul from out those silent, moving lips, awesome in their ceaseless rhythm. Was this devotion—devotion for some well-beloved—some cherished heart torn from her breast?

No, she was chewing gum.—Life.

Proper Person

Mrs. Richquick—We must build a bungalow.

Mr. Richquick—You're right; and we'll hire the greatest bungler in town to build it, too.—Judge.

Political Prudence

"Captain Tuffle has asked the office force to drop his military title when addressing him."

"Why is that?"

"It saves embarrassment all around. The boss of this establishment was a buck private in Captain Tuffle's company."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Here Lies—"

It was Sunday and Sergeant Jones was driving a bucking, one-cylinder Ford down the streets of the old home town.

"Ought to put Lizzie's name on the casualty list," called a fresh gob, who was witnessing the struggle.

"Whatdaya mean?" hissed the sergeant between bucks.

"Missing in action."—Judge.

Listen!

When you have read this magazine, wrap it up and send it to one of your friends. We will appreciate it because it is our earnest desire to reach as many citizens of this "good old United States" as possible.

Two soldiers were invited out to dinner. One ate so much that the hostess thought he hadn't eaten for six months. The other was a detachment man at the Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, also.

"Did you hear that Mrs. Jones is getting a divorce?"

"Who gets the dog?"

"Well, she gets it, but he can see it once a month."

An attorney was examining a witness, and chanced to ask him about the character of the dead man who figured in the case, to which the witness replied:

"He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all, pure in all his thoughts, and—"

"How did you learn that?" demanded the judge.

"I read it on his tombstone," was the disconcerting reply.—Los Angeles Times.

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

The following dialogue took place at the station platform of a small town in Maryland the other day between a discharged soldier in civics in the seat behind us and a sunburned young civilian in the group outside, whom he recognized as a former companion-at-arms:

"Hello, Bill! What are you doing with yourself now?"

"Oh, nothing much!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to re-enlist."

"What for?"

"Well, Tom, I'm so doggone lonesome."

We are not advocating this sentiment as a reason for re-enlisting, though we have a sneaking suspicion it has operated, and will operate, to bring more men than one back into the Army. But we do wonder sometimes, and this is one of them, whether the fellows who are trying so madly to get out of service realize that in spite of all disadvantages of pay, and discomforts of one sort or another, they are still at daily grips with one of the experiences which they will certainly look back upon as one of the happiest of their entire lives.

The companionship of other men on terms of equality and intimacy probably nowhere elsewhere approachable, comradeship in arms with some of the finest fellows in the world under circumstances which bind them peculiarly together, such things as this form a large part of the undeniable hold which the Army, without knowing it, gets upon most of us. Only when we begin breaking the bonds do we realize how strong and heart-felt they were.

From all of which two morals are deducible: We ought to try to realize some of our advantages before we lose them, and we ought not to be in too big a hurry to change them for something no better or not so good. Uncle Sam needs a lot of us here a while yet. No one can blame us for wanting to get back to civil life. Yet let's be philosophical and, realizing that happiness is nowhere exclusively to be found, try to enjoy the flavor of the present experience a little more deeply and a little longer, before the opportunity is gone from us forever.

THE PULSE OF THE PRESS

(From Worcester, Mass., *Telegram*.)

How the brave boys of B and E batteries of Worcester came to greatly admire a Salvation Army girl who risked her life to be of service and how the men in both the cannon companies esteemed General Clarence R. Edwards, Lieut.-Colonel J. F. J. Herbert and Major Frank W. Cavanaugh is the burden of the narrative related by cook Leon F. Newton, of E battery, hero of Chateau-Thierry and Verdun.

Newton is back home again with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Newton, with an honorable discharge from the army in his pocket, the revered tri-color bar of a wounded soldier and the service bar of the foreign expedition on his chest.

"Glad to be home? Thank God for it. I've been through hell," was the serious way this gallant 22-year-old boy answered the query. With reference to The Salvation Army lassie, he said:

"That girl was a brave and fearless helper all right. She was the angel of our outfit, and no matter how late at night, no matter how the German shells kept coming into our lines, that splendid girl would pick her way through the murk and the frightful things of war to our batteries, and we'd hear her shrill treble over the roar of Jack Herbert's talking dolls, 'Where're my boys? Cof-fee-ee-ee!'

"She had a way of singing out 'Cof-fee' that would penetrate all over and we'd pile back to where she'd be crouching down behind an ammunition dump or something with two big cans of hot coffee, bags of fresh doughnuts and all the chocolate and chewing gum she could lug.

"She never scolded about swearing, because you know in the middle of a fight we'd forget sometimes and she'd say nice and soft like: 'Wouldn't a chunk of gum taste better, Mr. Soldier-man, than that horrid tobacco?' and she'd hand it out.

"Every night with a gas mask clamped on her pretty face that Salvation Army angel would find us in the pitch dark and bring us the things that made us thank God for The Salvation Army. She was a girl from Worcester, she told us, and we all

want to meet her again on earth, and, if not, in the hereafter, where all angels dwell.

"That was the finest girl we ever met and the stuff she carried to us night after night was the finest in the world. Not a cent to pay, everything free, and she'd pat some poor chap's face as he lay there cold in death's embrace, and then she'd say in that gentle voice of hers, lifting up the flap of the gas mask: 'Good night, boys, and God bless you.'

"She was the only woman who ever came right straight up into the battle line and we often made up our minds that she didn't care very much for her life. After midnight when our relief would come up to man the guns we'd file back through the darkness and as we passed her dugout hut right behind the lines there she'd be with another lot of coffee and stuff."

OLD LOVES

By JOHN W. LOW

I love the old things best, don't you?

The old coat that so skilfully
My crooks and angles hides from view
And seems so truly part of me.
And oh! I love the old shoes, too,
That know each toe, where each one plays;
And how I do detest the new,
That mock me with their stiff backed ways!

And my old hat; how soft it fits
The time worn ridges of my brow,
How comfortingly sure it sits
My grateful poll when tempests blow!
And when I have to lay it by,
Decrepit from long length of days,
And don the new, 'tis weeks ere I
Can look on it with tranquil gaze!

My watch is old; its ancient works
My father served and his before,
And now it goes in creaky jerks
It would have scorned in time of yore.
But when it halts I coax it on,
And gentle it to tick anew;
I almost feel, if it runs down
For good and all, that I shall too!

I love old houses, without keys,
Begabled, gray and ivy-grown;
They tell me all the tragedies
And triumphs that their years have known.
I love old elms and magic trees;
They tell me all the lovers' vows
And kisses whispered to the breeze
Through all the years beneath their boughs.

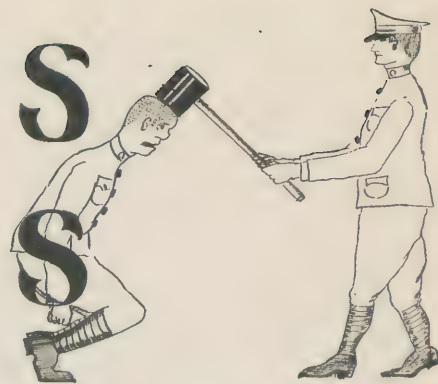
I love old friends, the kindly smile,
The voice grows dearer day by day,
The clasp that longer clings the while
Together we are growing gray.
The old sweet love! 'Tis good to see
Her face each year more fond and true
As we go hand in hand. Ah, me!
I love the old loves best, don't you?

PROMOTIONS AT BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP MERRITT

Major Thomas J. O'Malley, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, Chief of Surgical Service, U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., has been the recipient of congratulations from all sources since August 1, 1919, the date of his promotion from captain. It is a matter of general comment that since his assignment to duty at this hospital, about a year ago, he has never yet been absent from duty and could be found at any hour of the day or night attending to the needs of the sick and wounded. Hence the high esteem in which he is held by all. The rare ability and skill which he has at all times shown in everything pertaining to hospital work entitle him to our highest consideration, and we are glad to extend our hearty congratulations to one who so thoroughly deserves the honor conferred.



BOOSTS AND KNOCKS



TELL HIM NOW

IF with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
if you like him or if you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes
oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care
about it,
He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip
it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the common kind
and sunny

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger,
braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise—bestow it;
If you like him, let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot

read his

Tombstone

when he's—

—The Reveille.

This letter is from the wife of a medical officer who died in a
hospital in France, at Vitale, from pneumonia after he had been
severely gassed. It was the Editor's sad duty to write this
brave little woman of her husband's passing.

Montgomery, Ala., August 16, '19.

Dear Lt. Barron:

The copies of your hospital magazine reached me here, being
forwarded from home. Many thanks. The only hearty laugh I
have had for months came as a result of reading your account
of the court martial of "Cat." You are just like my dear hus-
band wrote about you—see something funny in every thing.
How he did enjoy your companionship!

The illustrations were especially good, and the jokes and poems
just fine. Stacks and Stacks of things from Stack are good. I
would like to meet him. He seems to get as much fun out of
life as you do. Every Soldier's Sweetheart is one of the best
things of the kind I ever saw. And the sentiment goes to the
heart. Please send me every issue, and if you can spare a few
extra copies with this wonderful picture in it, I shall be glad.

I return home in just a few days. Let me hear from you often,
and come to see us if it is ever possible. I will never be
satisfied until you can tell me yourself just how my dear hus-
band died. In all his letters he spoke of you. You were like
brothers, I know.

Sincerely,

ALICE PHELPS.

Austin, Texas, July 28, '19.

Lt. W. P. Barron,

"Mess-Kit," Camp Merritt, N. J.

Please keep the "Mess-Kit" coming. The kids almost fight
over it. It's the best thing of its kind I ever saw. Put us
down for a year.

Finks Brokerage Co.

Vicksburg, Miss., August 8, '19.

Dear Barron:

"Mess-Kit" received. The last time I saw you your feet were
sticking out of an ambulance, and I thought they would soon be
pointed first towards the dead wagon, but here you are writing
about the Misfortunes of a Doughboy! Seriously, old boy, I am
glad you are on the job, and making such a success of the maga-
zine. Put me down for a regular subscriber, and if you are ever

out this way drop in. The two issues at hand are fine, as good
as any of the current high brow magazines, and I am sure you
will make a success of it. Your friend,

J. H. WHITTER, M. D.

320 N. 26th Street, Flushing, N. Y., Aug. 6, '19.

"The Mess-Kit,"

Camp Merritt, N. J.

Dear Sir: In the latest issue of the "Mess-Kit" it is said that
you would like some comments on it.

I think that a few stories and cartoons dealing on subjects
outside of Camp Merritt would improve your magazine
greatly. Also a few more jokes might help. Your truly,

SCOTT, FORESMAN & COMPANY.

To the "Mess-Kit,"

Thursday, Aug. 14, '19.

Camp Merritt, N. J.

I would kindly like to have the following printed in the "Port
of Missing Men": Pvt. James, 105th Machine Gun Battalion;
last heard from to proceed overseas. Inquiry made by Miss
Louise Hollman, 9 E. 97th St., New York City.

I remain respectfully,

Miss LOUISE HOLLMAN,

9 E. 97th St., New York City.

Headquarters Camp No. 1555

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Organized March 27th, 1904

Jacksonville, Texas, July 8, 1919.

Dr. W. P. Barron,

Camp Merritt, N. J.

Dear Doctor:

Your letter of the 5th inst. duly at hand and noted. Peaches
are opening here at \$2.50 per bushel basket. I was thinking the
tomatoes I sent you would not reach such long distance without
being in an iced car. The "Mess-Kit" was duly received. It is
quite readable and I wish to compliment you on your ability
as an editor. In looking over your father's biography in the
"Texans Who Wore The Gray" I find you are of a family of
scholars. When this cruel war is over, and you get enough
leisure to write your ups and downs in the army it would be
well for you to let us have it in book form. Always glad to hear
from you,

Your friend,

J. A. TEMPLETON.

PIEPERS WELDING & MACHINE SHOP

F. G. Pieper, Prop.
Orange Avenue
Suffern, New York

August 7, 1919.

Business Manager,
"Mess Kit," Base Hospital,
Camp Merritt, N. J.

Dear Boys:

I am taking this opportunity to let you know how much I really enjoy the "Mess Kit." Your efforts are surely appreciated in this section of the country, as I sincerely hope they are all over. All my friends are interested readers of your magazine, and personally, I think it "Great." This month's is exceptionally clever. Your poems, and jokes are examples of the good feeling that I know exists among the Boys at Camp Merritt.

Let me congratulate the writer of the "Accurate Description of the man who invaded nurses' quarters, etc." It is very clever and most original. I did not receive July's copy of the "Mess Kit" and I indeed missed it.

I am the reader of many magazines, such as Snappy, Life and Breezy Stories, but I rather count on the "Mess Kit."

Your interested reader,

(Miss) LILLIAN WALDRON,
Suffern, N. Y.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Office of the Chief of Staff,
Washington.

July 11, 1919.

Lieutenant Wm. P. Barron,
Editor, "Mess-Kit,"
Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J.

Dear Lieutenant Barron:

I want to congratulate you on the matter and content of the last issue of "Mess-Kit." I think you have produced about the best hospital monthly magazine I have seen.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES E. EDMONDS,
Lieutenant Colonel, F. A.,
Supervisor, Service Publications.

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD,
National Headquarters,
149 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

August 13, 1919.

Lieut. Wm. P. Barron, M. C., U. S. A.,
Care the "Mess-Kit,"
Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J.

Dear Lieutenant Barron:

We wish to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of your letter of the 11th, advising us that you are sending six copies of the "Mess-Kit" for August.

We have already seen a copy of this issue and wish to express our gratification and appreciation for the splendid publicity accorded the Jewish Welfare Board at Camp Merritt. It would be presumptuous on our part to offer any criticism of the manner in which you describe the activities of the Jewish Welfare Board at Camp Merritt. In our opinion this paper should be extremely popular among the men, for it seems to supply the kind of news that would be most interesting to them. I am sure that it is a very important item in the development of good spirit among the men at the Base Hospital.

The men who are associated with you on the editorial staff deserve credit and praise for the effort and interest that most certainly are called for in the production of this publication. We shall follow with interest the career of the "Mess-Kit," not only as a publication of the Base Hospital of Camp Merritt, but as the permanent organ of the Medical Department, and wish you the very best success.

Again expressing our appreciation for your description of J. W. B. activities and with assurance of our continued desire to be of service to the men in khaki, we are,

Very truly yours,

SERVICE DIVISION, EASTERN STATES.
By Louis Kraft.

300 E. 25th St.,

Guttenberg, N. J.,

Aug. 13, 1919.

Business Manager, "Mess-Kit,"

Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J.

Having read your last number of the "Mess-Kit," which I borrowed from a friend, and think it is one of the best magazines ever published by any of the boys in service. I have read many books from the navy, but I believe this one has them all beat by a mile, and now I am enclosing fifty cents in stamps for a six months' subscription, as I was told was the price. If it should be more, kindly let me know, and I shall forward you the balance in stamps.

Trusting this reaches you for the best success in your magazine, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

EDNA PUCKNER.

Guttenberg, N. J., Aug. 5, 1919.

I have just received the "Mess-Kit," and in reading it I noticed a little paragraph saying that you should write and give your opinion of the magazine.

Words cannot express my thoughts for this magazine. It is very interesting from beginning to the end. Once you start reading it you just can't put it down until you finish it.

No doubt you have heard of the Boulevard Lace and Embroidery Co. which has supplied the Government with almost all of its chevrons and also in your Post Exchange a lot of our military goods. Well, I am telephone operator for this firm. If you have never heard of the Boulevard Lace and Embroidery Co. ask some of the soldiers in the M. T. C. if they know the girls in the office and see what they say about us. I think I have said enough, so I will close with the best of luck and good wishes that your magazine keeps growing larger and larger, I remain, a reader of the "Mess-Kit,"

GENEVIEVE ADEL,

239 5th St.,

Guttenberg, N. J.

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

National Headquarters
149 Fifth Avenue, New York City

August 7th, 1919.

Lt. W. P. Barron,
Editor of the "Mess Kit,"

Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The parenthetical remark on page twenty-eight, close of article "Girls Listen to This," is most appealing.

Am herewith enclosing small donation, which of course you will immediately turn over to a B. P., as they, poor fellows, have had such a tough time of it and your readers all realize that when you wrote the above-mentioned article you were their mouthpiece.

Thanking you in the name of all American womanhood,

Very truly yours,

INFORMATION BUREAU,

Per: (Mrs.) Amy G. Munker.

A copy of the August number of "The Mess-Kit" has been sent to the Evening News by Miss Emily B. Bowers, of the Army Nurse Corps, and Miss Bowers will please accept our hearty thanks for the opportunity of enjoying this very interesting publication.

"The Mess-Kit" is published by the U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, and is one of the most pretentious we have seen of the war-time publications and especially from a typographical standpoint.

The subject matter is vastly interesting and there is some good art work, the entire magazine being most creditable to all connected with it.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

THIS month we are asking a special favor of you. We want each of you to send us in at least one new yearly subscriber. Failing that, won't you renew your own subscription for one year?

We are making strenuous efforts to double our subscription list so that we will have the necessary funds to arrange for some special features this Fall and Winter, and a general enlargement of the magazine. All of us will profit by it, and for that reason we do not hesitate to ask this favor of those good enough to read what we publish each month.

There has never been any special appropriation by Congress to help the hospital magazines, and it has been a matter of pride with us that the "Mess-Kit" has paid its way from the beginning. This has been possible through the loyal efforts of the staff, and the great help given us by the people at large. We have tried to repay you by giving you a good magazine, haven't we, folks? And with your help we are going to do better and better. Demobilization has broken us all up. The boys who were our subscription and advertising solicitors have, with the exception of only a few, been discharged. Some of the rest of our force have gone, too, and to a great extent we will have to depend on this personal appeal to assist us in getting the circulation we want. By team work on the part of our subscribers we can go over the top with our subscription campaign.

We want to be a brighter and better magazine, to become national in our helpfulness, and will, if you will help. Some 1,500 of you have been kind enough to write us personal letters commending us for our efforts. Out of our 7,000 subscribers only two so far have "knocked" our work, and one of these was anonymous. So we judge from what we have already heard that we are pleasing you fairly well. But we want to hear from you on the subject, and are absolutely sincere when we say we welcome a criticism with good grace, and thank you for it. It is the only way we hope to be able to grow, and we expect to grow. Each month we will publish a selected few of these letters, under boosts and knocks. Can't we have something from you?

We want to say again this is purely a labor of love on our part. None of the staff receive a cent of salary, aside from the regular compensation for our respective grades in the army. From the princely stipend of \$166.66 2-3 a month as a First Lt. M. C. and find himself, of the editor, to the \$30 per and found, of the handsome Buck Privates who solicit subscriptions for the "Mess-Kit," we are allowed nothing for the extra work on the magazine. The dear girls who have so generously given their time and labor to help illustrate the "Mess-Kit," do this work outside of hours, at the office of the American Telephone Co. They have received a box of candy each, with the compliments of the "Mess-Kit," when they went on their vacations. Every cent we receive is audited by the War Department and used only to improve and enlarge the magazine. We have gone into details because we want you to know just what the "Mess-Kit" is doing. The magazine belongs to the people who are supporting it, and we are trying to give you an honest dollar's worth of value, and also to bring a half hour's cheer, with perhaps a smile or two, to those soldiers shut up in hospitals, and to their friends at home. We want you to feel your money is doing this, and that every cent you put into it helps just that much more. The hospital magazine has been an experiment with Uncle Sam, but it has proven a success and a help beyond the wildest dream of those who were responsible for the experiment. In a year or two now the Government will be one of the largest publishers in the world, and our little hospital magazines will have grown into a great national force for good. We are glad to say the "Mess-Kit" has held its own with the others, and because you good people have helped us so loyally, it has gone just a little bit ahead. You don't know how proud we are that this is true. With the help of our loyal subscribers we can do more, a lot more than we already have. These things must be planned ahead several weeks, sometimes two or three months, in order to be successful. That is why we are planning now for next Fall and Winter. This month we have featured what the Salvation Army did in the Great War. We are sure the beautiful pictures and actual war stories are worth the price of a year's subscription. Save your "Mess-Kits." They will be invaluable in the years

to come. You will prize them highly. Ask grandmother what she will take for her mementoes of the Civil War. These we are giving you each month are far superior to any existant in 1865. Next month we are featuring the great service rendered the nation by the American National Telephone Co., both here and in France. This will give you a lot of more beautiful pictures and human interest stories. Not written out of the imagination of some short-story writer who never saw a war except in a movie, but actual experiences written by those on the firing line. We publish nothing of this sort that hasn't a basis of truth.

Now once more, will you help? Just go up to Tom or Bill or Susie or Lucille, and say:

"Join me for a year of good cheer from that hospital magazine called the 'Mess-Kit.' It's only a dollar a year, and I am sure you will get the value of the dollar in a year's time. If you don't enjoy reading yourself, I am sure you *will* enjoy helping the magazine to a better, brighter and more enjoyable monthly visitor to those who are maimed, crippled, or ill from the Great War."

Your year's subscription will do just that. Will you help? Here is a blank for your convenience. Get his name on the dotted line.

DON'T FORGET TO BOOST

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the hasty, unkind word.
Forget quarrel and the cause
Forget the whole affair because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the trials you have had,
Forget the weather if it is bad,
Forget the knocker—he's a freak.
Forget him seven days a week.
Forget if business now is bad—
Forget to mourn and don't be sad;
Forget you're not a millionaire.
Forget the gray line in your hair—
Forgetting to think you're getting old.
Forget to kick, forget to scold,
Forget the loafers round you roost.
But don't forget to boost all branches of the Army.

Pvt. 1/C LARRY BESTHUFF.

I am glad of this opportunity to subscribe
to the MESS-KIT and enclose herewith
\$. for years' subscription.

Kindly address to

Name
Address
City
State

Kindly fill out subscription blank on this page and
mail with check or money order

TODAY

SHOES

DON'T get excited about shoe costs. The press notices to the effect that "\$25.00 and up" shoes are in sight, is largely a myth. There always have been \$25.00 shoes, and about one person in one hundred thousand would pay this price. There always have been \$10.00 and \$15.00 shoes, and certain numbers of people would buy these shoes—possibly because they "matched a dress," or for some other equally important (?) reason.

There always have been shoes known as "Goodyear Welts" for dress-up and street wear, retailing from \$3.00 to \$10.00, for the past ten years. E. J. Goodyear Welts, retailing at \$3.00 to \$5.00 before the War, now retail at \$6.00 to \$8.00, showing an advance in the retail price of \$2.50 to \$3.00 per pair.

These shoes interest men and women who like to dress well and have good looking shoes, and can afford it.

There always have been work shoes—\$2.50 to \$4.00—for hard work. There always have been boys' and girls' shoes at similar prices. E. J. work shoes, before the War, retailed at \$2.50 to \$4.00. During the War the same shoe sold from \$3.50 to \$5.00; and since the War, \$4.00 to \$6.00. The "extreme advance" on the retail price of E. J. work shoes, in six years, averages about \$2.00 a pair. In the same time, boys' good, strong, serviceable shoes have advanced from \$2.00 and \$3.00 to \$3.50 and \$4.50. We are talking now about **good** shoes—not "Cinderella slippers," but strong shoes for strong boys and girls and hard-working men.

Now, these are the facts about the E. J. shoes; and it looks different than the fiction which is being so largely handed around the country, about "\$25.00 shoes."

The above quoted prices, showing advances which have been necessary in our shoes, due to increasing costs (which everybody is thoroughly familiar with) of hides, leather, materials and labor—are intended to apply on what we know as "staples"—the shoes which the workers and their families buy, and always have bought. These are the kind of shoes, and the prices, which interest the worker and his family.

The \$25.00 man is a lonesome individual. There isn't many of him; and as we make 75,000 pair of shoes a day, we would soon supply such people with their footwear, and then we would have to quit business, or make shoes for the "average man" and his family, who comprise the largest

percentage of our population. In other words, for the "exclusive" man or woman, who wants to pay, and insists upon paying, fancy prices, we haven't any particular use. It does not make any difference what he pays for shoes.

Don't be talked into paying any fancy or ridiculous prices for your footwear. Advances there are, and advances there will be, legitimate and necessary; but nothing like the extravagant statements frequently made, about "\$25.00 shoes," need give you a moment's concern.

And now a word of advice. Don't speculate in shoes. Don't buy any more than you need. Meaning, don't hoard shoes, as some people are doing. The chances are, if you buy a pair of shoes suited for your needs, and take good care of them, and have them repaired when they need repairing—keep them well half-soled and well heeled—you can save a lot of money on your footwear, if you follow this advice.

This is intended to give you a plain statement of fact, about shoes, in contradiction to the wild and extravagant rumors so persistently published throughout the country.

Your Shoemaker Friends,

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON AND WORKERS.

INDIVIDUAL HARDSHIPS

The boys were going down to Nevillers to rest, and while they rested the girls cooked good things for them and used that sweet God-given influence that makes a little piece of home and heaven wherever it is found.

The girls did not get much rest, but then they had not come to France to rest, as they often told people who were always urging them to save themselves. They did get one bit of luxury in the shape of passes down to Beauvais. There it was possible to get a bath and the girls had not been able to have that from the first of April to the first of July. They had to stand in line with the officers, it is true, to take their turn at the public bath houses, but it was a real delight to have plenty of water for once, for their appointments at the front had been most restricted and water a scarce commodity. Sometimes it had been difficult to get enough water for the cooking and the girls had been obliged to use cold cream to wash their faces for several days at a time. Of course, it was an impossibility for them to do any laundry work for themselves, as there was neither time nor place nor facilities. Their laundry was always carried by courier to some near-by city and brought back to them in a few days.

*Come on, Bill, cut out the bunk
fatigue and let's go to the
LIBERTY THEATRE*

"ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW"

**HORTON'S
ICE CREAM**

*"Those who fought for Uncle Sam—
Know it's free from fault and sham"*

STACKS^{a n}, STACKS^o THINGS

by *STACK*

Stuff for the Deep Thinkers

Is digging clams fishing or farming?
Is a worm a snake's pup?

Someone must have stuck a wad of gum in the bugler's horn judging by the way he blows Reveille these mornings of late.

We wonder how it feels to go to a bureau, open a drawer, extract therefrom a collar and necktie and place same around our neck. We wonder.

Now that the army is selling food stuffs to civilians we may expect to see the last of "Goldfish" and "Corned Willie." Maybe.

"Duke" Faris has given up his position as typist in the Detachment Office and is taking a course in Gus Reihle's School of Technology in Kitchen No. 1.

The doctors were holding a consultation beside the bed of a soldier, who was to be operated on. "I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait a while until he gets a little stronger before cutting him."

Before the other surgeon could reply, the patient, who had overheard him, turned to the nurse with a grin and remarked, "What do they think I am, a cheese?"

I call my baby Weatherstrip because he kept me out of the draft.

The most wonderful thing about the army is getting out.

If the country is dry, why do the M. P.s search us every time we enter camp.

Sergeant Bebo's idea of a wonderful time is to stand on Times Square on a windy day.

"Say, I used to think the colored gentlemen could shoot crap."

"Why, can't they?"

"No, didn't the Yankees shoot the Germans" (Two bits).

Embarrassing

It used to be
That when
A girl's shoe string
Came untied
It was
The proper thing
For her escort
To tie it
Up again
But now
With shoe tops
Where they are
What's the use!

He—"This revolver is the best friend that I had. After my cartridges became exhausted I hit the Hun officer on the head with the butt."

She—"Oh, how perfectly stunning."

Aunt Nancy was visiting an army camp, and as she approached some rookies were sitting on their heels and then rising to a standing position in perfect unison.

"What are the boys doing?" she asked.

"Why those are setting up exercises," explained an obliging soldier.

"Humph," remarked Auntie, "looks more like setting down exercises."

A Yankee soldier was walking down Broadway one day with a leg and arm off, one ear missing and his head covered with bandages when he was accosted by a sympathetic old lady who said, "Oh, dear, dear. I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you. This is really terrible. Can't I do something? Do tell me, did you receive all those wounds in real action?"

The Kaiser Killer slid into neutral and applied the brakes and a weary expression came over his face as he answered, "No, Madame, I was only cleaning out the gold fish bowl when one of the damn fish bit me."

"Waiter," he called sniffing the air suspiciously, "never mind my order now. I can't eat when there's a smell of fresh paint around."

"If you'll wait just a few minutes, sir," replied the waiter, "those ladies will be going."

"Are you a typewriter?" asked the Colonel to a newly arrived recruit.

"Nozzir, but I can operate one," answered the future Major.

Wanted: A man with one tooth to bite holes in doughnuts. Apply Salvation Army.

Big Fellow—"Fight yer, why I could swaller yer."

Little Fellow—"I dassay you could and then you could say you had more brains in your stomach than in your head."

Redwine to Sgt. Meridant—"Say Sarge, give me ten dollars, and I won't come back until I get some business."

No business, I guess. Why?

Redwine never came back.

Wanted: A pet dog who is fond of children.

Wanted: man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes. Apply Mess Hall, 1st Diet kitchen.

Why is Massachusetts like an egg?

Because there is a (Holoyke) on it.

Useless Things in "This Man's" Army

Garters.
Spurs on Aviation Officers.
Neckties.
Third Lieutenants.
Top Kicks.
Straw hats.
Wound stripes for silver stripers.
Pajamas.
MONEY.

Hank Thompson, "Halt, whose there?"

"Officer of the day."

Hank, "Well it's about time you showed up. You'll catch H—. The Corporal of the Guard has been looking everywhere for you."

He who drinks Bevo has no kick coming.

"Captain, I don't feel well," said the buck answering sick call.
 "Where do you feel the worst?" asked the captain.
 "In the army."

Have you noticed the diminishing of reddish tints on the foremost end of the male nose since July the Thirst?

Headline in Pennsylvania Paper

Man hunting woodchucks unearths cache of 12 quarts of Irish whiskey.

That accounts for the sudden increase in applications for hunting licenses.

A prohibitionist is a man who has water on the brain and a cellar full of liquor.

When you see a man's car stop suddenly in a maze of traffic on Fifth Ave. and you then see him run out and frantically try to crank it, his lips moving as though in prayer, he is not mad, merely pleased to think how angry the drivers are in back of him.

The meaning of O. D. in relation to army clothing is "Offul dirty."

Officer of the Day: "Who is that man in the bushes?"

Guard: "That's not a man, Sir."

O. D.: "It is a man."

G.: "No sir, you are mistaken, it is not a man, it is the corporal of the guard."

Statistics

On the night of July 18th there were 4,456,789 canoes put afloat each containing one male, one female and beaucoup pillows. 24 of this number were paddled, the rest drifted.

There were 3,234,565 $\frac{1}{4}$ bottles of pickles used by basket parties at Coney Island on July 4th.

There are 234,458 hunters in the country. Of this number 78 are hunters, the rest are powder wasters.

There were 8,293 cars stalled on lonely country roads the night of Aug. 14th. One driver tried to find the cause of the trouble. He had to for he was a paid chauffeur.

During the first 24 hours after a soldier is discharged, he will look at his feet 459 times to see if his socks are falling down.

Two lovers sat upon a bench,
 The one a soldier from the trench,
 "Whose lil' cootie are you, dear?"
 That's why the romance ended here.

Wanted Badly—A second Abe Lincoln to help free the slaves of the Medical Department. Apply to us.

2nd Louie: "Why don't you salute me?"

Alabam: "Cause Ah wuz tole nevah to salute a officer wif ma hans in mah pockets."

"When does this Noah's Ark start?"

"We're waiting for the asses to get on board. Hurry up, please."

Jackson: "They say I am going to box you on the parade ground Saturday night."

Shepherd: "I hope the ring is nice and large."

Jackson, "Why larger?"

Shepherd: "Because I should hate to keep knocking you down in the same place."

Now that the country is dry and whiskey is the only recognized cure for snake bites, what a lot of rattlesnakes will be kept for pets.

George Patrick Scollins, alias "Hindy," alias "Shanks," has at last left our happy little family and forsaken us for the snares and pitfalls of a large city, namely Boston. Just before being discharged he was greeted with a corporalecy which didn't increase the size of his hat as promotion meant as much to "Hindy" as a fur coat would to a native of Africa.

In civilian life "Hindy" is a salesman of second-hand buildings, a fact which he tried to demonstrate one morning at four a. m. by endeavoring to sell the Mess Hall to an M. P.

As a copy of this magazine goes to George's home we are unable to write a true biography, as we are at present unable financially to withstand a suit for libel.

The "Mess-Kit" and the entire Medical Detachment here at Camp Merritt wish him all sorts of good luck in civilian life and hope he may continue to be as popular in Boston as he was at the Base Hospital.

What a returned doughboy said about the French "Demosielles."

"They even took my dog tags thinking they were francs."

A medical officer who had charge of a field infirmary while in France, was recently taking his family out for a joy-ride. When in the center of a long hill the car gave a final groan and stopped dead. He got out but was unable to locate the seat of the trouble. He finally remedied it by painting the axles with iodine and labeling it "Light Duty."

Telephone 575

M. RUESS

Groceries, Vegetables, Delicatessen

Palisade Avenue
 and Palisade Place

Englewood,
 New Jersey

NIGHT MEMORIES

BY LEO FUHRMANN

(Leo Fuhrmann is the last one of a group of boys who formerly made up the original amputation ward in B-4-N. He was wounded while fighting in the Argonne.)

I like to lie in my bed o' nights
With the clean white sheets around me,
And dreamily think of those other days
And those other nights that found me
Wrapped in a blanket on No Man's Land,
My face up-turned to the sky,
And the song of the open filling my ears
Along with the night wind's sigh.

I love to hear through the roar of guns
The lone shell's quivering note,
The thousand and one of those terrible sounds
That bring a lump to my throat—
The cannon's roar, the machine gun's bark
And the shrieks of the dying men,
The call of a sentry keeping watch—
Oh! I hear them all again—

Hear them all as I lie in bed
And see with dear Memory's eyes
The bright red shells and the burning towns
Lighting the darkened skies.
See them all as I saw them of old
Ere sleep came tumbling down
To bring me dreams of a far away world
In the arms of my own home town.

And when the dawn comes creeping to me
Here in my soft white bed,
I wake up as a million thoughts
Come rushing into my head,
And somehow I miss the rustle and stir.
Of an army, the short night done,
Wakened to toil and the long long trek
Of the long long day begun.

For never a man with good red blood
Coursing his pulsing veins,
Who's been in France and tramped all o'er
Its deserts, hills and plains,
But sometimes pines for the days gone by,
The life so brave and free,
And the lonely nights in the lonely land
Over the lonely sea.

WHEN IS A WOUND NOT A WOUND?

Young Syrian Boy Finds His Key to Success

Washington, Aug. 16.—The 1919 edition of the Arabian Nights may be read today in the stories of wonder and magic of this war which equals those old tales of Aladdin and Ali Baba.

All the glory of sacrifice and war, all the beauty of the East and the magic healing of Arabian wizards are woven in the story of Nassib, a Syrian rug maker.

Nassib was born in Syria, but with his eyes turned West. All through the first years of his life, while he was absorbed in learning rug making, and was drinking in the color and romance of the East, he thought of that time when he would travel to that wonderful country.

Leaving Syria when he was just a boy he spent five years in Russia at school, and later four years in English schools learning the language and the meaning of western civilization. At last he reached America. Down in a small room he set up his loom, and every day he worked away at wonderful patterns in soft colors. His rugs were easy to sell but the work was slow.

One day with a rug half finished on the loom and bright worsteds lying loosely about, he went away to fight with the Americans in France. During the war a hand grenade struck his leg, necessitating amputation five inches above the knee. Nassib came back to the half finished rug and the bright, loose woollens. He looked at the big loom and knew that he could never use it again. A big loom needs two good legs and his right one was gone.

After a few days when his masklike face hid a great pain and disappointment, he was found by the Federal Board for Vocational Education. They saw that behind that Eastern calm there was a brain burning to progress and they set about helping him. He was sent to a textile school in February of this year, and his work in textile designing has proved to be of such superior quality that he has been recommended for a complete course leading to the degree of textile engineer.

From Syria to an American school! From a hand loom to a modern machine! Nassib's wound was not a wound, but a key to success.

Other soldiers, sailors, or marines interested in overcoming vocational handicaps are invited to communicate with the Federal Board for Vocational Education, 200 New Jersey Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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BEFORE *and* AFTER



"LONG BOYS" RETURN

BY BURDE BAXTER CLARKE

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
 'Tho I didn't pull off any hero stuff,
 Still I think we've called old Heinie's bluff:
 For we charged his trench with our Indian yell,
 And we paid him off with our shrapnel shell
 And gas and fire and general hell;
 Now I'm goin' home!

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
 'Tho it ain't as I thought before the scrap,
 When I came to Europe to change the map,
 And the mugs of the Kaiser's hosts to mar
 And relate the horrors of this here war;
 For I didn't get even a tiny scar,
 Or chevron or cootie or shoulder-bar;
 But I'm goin' home!

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
 'Tho most of our friends are gone with flue,
 And Father is feelin' pretty blue;
 And my purse like a cast-off bandoleer,
 And I've lost my job and there's no more beer,
 And I ain't a-wearin' a War-Cross here,
 And my girl has married a profiteer.
 There are Mother's pies and her heart o' cheer,
 And I'm goin' home!

"LONG BOY" RE-ENLISTS

BY BURDE BAXTER CLARKE

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
 'Tho I didn't think when I sailed away,
 That I'd be making so short a stay
 In the home town here in the Golden State,
 But I tell you fellers that soldier'n's great;
 And I'm goin' to re-up as sure as fate,
 Yes, I'm goin' back.

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
 For I've seen the corn all growin' green,
 With the squash vines trailin' along between.
 I've followed all day at the tail of the cow,
 I've curried the mule and milked the cow,
 And gathered the eggs from the old haymow,
 But everything seems to be changed somehow,
 And I'm goin' back.

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
 For I miss the durned old bugle. Gee!
 How I cursed "Fatigue" and "Reveille!"
 And expendin' of extra elbow grease,
 On scrubbin' floors and kitchen police,
 And wonderin' when the war would cease;
 Still hopin' we wouldn't sign for peace
 Till we'd grabbed some portion of Heinie's fleece,
 Now I'm goin' back.

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
 It's the life I'm longin' for I guess
 With its drill and guard and Army mess,
 And the polishin' guns and growlin' why
 A feller can't always have milk and pie
 With his chow, but 'd can the sigh
 If the Top was cross or the Old Man nigh.
 Seems I couldn't see how hard they'd try
 To keep all their doughboys fed and dry;
 So again I'm biddin' the folks good-by,
 'Cause I want to enlist for a Regular guy,
 And I'm goin' back!

POST EXCHANGES

We can supply everything in military equipment and supplies at reasonable prices.

Correspondence Invited

MUNTER BROTHERS

491-493 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

A MADELEINE OF FRANCE

This story is true (with the exception of the names and localities in France). Read it and be convinced that romance is real in life as well as in reel life. Nor is kindness and protection a dead issue between men and women

LEUT. RUSSELL stood in front of a moving-picture theatre in Bordeaux, boredly waiting for his friends in order to return to the United States Base Hospital in the car they had shared. He had time on his hands, for he knew that they would be late. Watching the ever-shifting, passing crowd, he finally gave vent to an enormous, jaw-stretching yawn. Almost as by magic appeared before him the laughing, dimpled face of a little French girl, who said in pert and broken English: "Is it that you no sleep last night?"

Hers was the old, old smile of Delilah, of Cleopatra, and the lieutenant fell as did Samson, as did Mark Antony, as mere man nearly always falls. He hurried after her. She saw him coming and waited in a doorway, still smiling, inviting and inscrutable.

"Mademoiselle, what did you say to me?" he asked, in French. "Do you speak English?"

"Assure—a leetle, vair leetle. I say, M'sieur, did you no sleep last night? You look of sleep." And with perfect dramatic art she imitated his yawn and laughed.

"Oh, yes, I slept, but I was tired and lonely. Mademoiselle, will you go to the picture show with me, and afterwards to dinner? Will you, p'tite?" he asked eagerly.

She looked at his face and into the sad, weary eyes, homesick and miserable. It was evident that he did not suspect who she really was, or suspecting, accorded her that courtesy which she had found so often in men of his race. She assented to his proposal readily—for why not?—and they turned back to the picture show. With great good fellowship she painstakingly translated the French descriptions for him, ate all the chocolates he had in his pockets, and within the two hours of the show the two had compressed the experiences of a long-standing acquaintanceship, nay, friendship.

Afterwards the p'tite steered him to a modest restaurant on a side street, where she knew good cooking could be had. When they had finished dinner she said, with matter-of-fact simplicity:

"And now, *Mon Officier*, will you to my house go?"

"I will be glad; and then I must hurry back to the hospital."

She scrutinized him with surprise. Was it possible that he really did not understand? And a doctor, too! She looked at the insignia on his collar again to be sure. What an innocent! She smiled to herself. A wistfully womanly thought came to her then—to be to him what he seemed to think that she was, a "good" girl. Was not that what he would call it in his own tongue?

When they reached her destination, he stopped to say goodbye at the door.

"Will you not be wiz me awhile?" she said in her quaint English, and waited. Would he understand? Or would *Mon Officier* be simply "another one"? She almost feared for the result.

"No," he said, abruptly, "I must go. But, Mademoiselle, I am very lonely. I have been very ill." He touched his breast. "Gassed, you know," speaking slowly, that she might follow his English. "I have no friends here; that is to say, no ladies that I know. Will you be—what do you call it, p'tite? My god-mother, my friend, my girl, or my sweetheart, as we would say in my land? I will come again to see you Sunday. We'll go to the picture show, and afterwards to dinner; will you?"

Again she was puzzled at this man. He was a type that she did not understand. Of a surety he had not been drinking, he did not look unsophisticated, and yet, he talked to her as an equal. "His friend, his god-mother." As with all her race, she was born with the passion for equality, that the thin piping voice of Rousseau had instilled in all of France. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" is not written in vain on the shield of France. And the greatest of these is Equality.

The desire to befool and play with this great baby of a man which first came into her heart on the street, at which she intended both should laugh later, over a merry glass of wine, had changed. For the second time she had put the matter to the test, and for the second time he had failed to see the scarlet woman. She would go on with it, would be a good woman in his eyes until—

"Yes, I will, Monsieur," she said slowly. "I will indeed. Come to me again Sunday. Goodbye."

He shook her hand and turned to go.

"But for one moment, Monsieur." Reaching up she pulled his face down to her's and kissed him on both cheeks—the French kiss of affection and respect.

"Good night, *cher* friend." She fled within the doorway as timid as any young miss, and not at all like a member of the boldest and oldest profession in the world.

And so it came to pass that she built up for herself a double life—a life so strange that she seemed moving in a dream. During the week she plied her precarious trade, taking care that he should not see her. For why not? She must live. By adroit questioning she found out his hours of duty, and was careful he should never see her on the streets when at leisure, except when she met him by appointment. The wholesome meals that she ate with him, free from wine and late hours, the long walks in the open air—it is *L'Amérique* to walk, and walk, and walk!—brought real color to her cheeks.

"I give up ze rouge, *mon officier*." Yes, the rouge was discarded—because he did not like it, and said so. Having someone to really love and cherish, joying in a companionship desired for herself and not obtained at a price, was making her buoyantly happy and healthy.

One warm autumn day, as they sat beside the old Roman road, far out from the city where they had tramped to eat their lunch, he asked her to marry him. Never had she thought of this. In simple, homely words he told her of his love, saying that to him life would be a blank without her.

Slipping down on her knees beside him she took both his hands in hers and looked up in his face with adoring eyes that swam in tears.

"But, monsieur—"

"Charles," he corrected gently.

She smiled through her tears.

"Charles, zen, dear, dear Charles, but you do not know me. I have no people. I am all alone. I am only a poor girl. I bring you nozzing, nozzing," with a despairing gesture, "except much love in ze heart. You like love in ze heart? Enough is he?"

"Lisette," he declared, "I too am lonely. I have no people. It will be just us. We'll go back to America when the war is over. We'll build a home for ourselves. There will be no one else to consider."

"But," she stammered, still doubting, "Suppose, dear, if—I—maybe zat I am not a good girl—what you call. Maybe I am what you do not zink?"

"Psh," he said stoutly. "What does that matter to me? I haven't been an angel. I love you—you love me. It is enough. We'll begin all over together." He swept his arm around her.

"But, is it really enough?" Afterwards—it would kill me if you—"

He drew her to him and kissed her. "You are far too good for me, sweetheart. Let it all go at that. Will you marry me?"

"Give me one day—just one day," she pleaded, "and then I will say."

When he had returned to the hospital she betook herself in an agony of doubt and fear to an old priest that she knew, who was charitable enough to hear the confessions of such as she. She fell on her knees before him, and with a tear-drenched face, between sobs told him all. Should she marry the American? Would it be a sin to conceal part of the truth? She repeated the exact conversation.

The wise old *pere* patted her shoulder. "Marry him, my daughter. Be a good wife to him. If children come to you, give them to the Church. Maybe God works in this matter, so let your heart be at peace. Verily there is no sin. Send the young man to me. Arrangements must be made. He is ignorant of the French law. I will talk to him. All will be right."

"But, father, do not tell him all," Lisette pleaded. "To lose him is to die—I—" she grabbed his hand in fear.

"Tut, tut, daughter, trust me. Suppose I told all that I know about the women of my parish? It is not best always for one to know all—and I do no wrong. The marriage is not a sin. No—go in peace. I hope yet to be a god-father to some young French-American—oh, la, la," the old man cackled at his joke, and she went away comforted.

It was as the good priest said. Whatever he said acted as no deterrent upon Russell. Following the simple marriage two months passed, months of happiness for them both. She gave him not only a wife's devoted love, but also that household efficiency proverbial among the women of France. His heretofore inadequate salary did wonders. There began to take shape a savings account in the Bank of France. Remonstrated with, in true profligate American style, for some household economy, Lisette would nod a wise little head.

"But, Charles, surely we must save. Zere is *L'Amerique*, and—maybe some day someone to say, papa!" Then her flushed and happy face would be hidden on his breast.

After these two months of happiness Lieut. Russell having been ordered to the Front, there fell upon Lisette the abandonment of desolation. She followed him to the station, and waved a brave goodbye, as the train, gaining momentum, swept out of the yards. Then in the company of a score of other French women who had come to say goodbye to husband, son or brother, she crouched upon the ground and gave way to grief. She sobbed and wept until some other kind-hearted woman induced her to return home. Once there, her grief broke out afresh. Everything she touched called him to mind. She saw his empty chair through a mist of unshed tears. Finally she pulled herself together, put the room to rights and began to pack, for she had decided to return to her home village. Of a sure, here was not her place. Constantly she passed with a shudder old companions on the streets and equally feared detection, derision or temptation. Safely established in her own village, she strove to put away her grief. Here she was nearer the Front, and consequently nearer to Charles. It might be that God would be good and that her husband could get a few days leave later on. It was pleasant, too, to be greeted as Madame by those who knew her only as Mademoiselle. Lisette did not lack the vanity of her sex. Vanity of a pleasing kind, it was, to tell as she twisted her wedding ring on her slender finger, that by that token she was the wife of an American officer. She never wearied of speaking her husband's name—*M'sieur Roos-sell*—and grew adept at swinging the conversation around to that point. It must be admitted that she held her head proudly high among the young women of the village, throughout which it soon became noised that she had a large account in her name in the Bank of France—not less than five thousand francs her husband had left with her to meet expenses, she would explain modestly, when questioned. Besides she had an allotment of six hundred francs a month from the American *Gouvernement*. Without doubt her husband was generous and rich, everybody said.

Lisette's loyal little heart had nothing but love and pride for this generous American husband of hers. She would have liked just as cheerfully, had it been necessary, to impress her home people with his wealth and grandeur. Eh! Why not?

Oh! the wonder of that day, after all the days of asking and waiting, when there came at last a letter for Madame. How she kissed the envelope, and hugged the precious missive to her breast, as she ran home to read it, word for word, with the help of her English dictionary.

And then to answer it. Already she had written that day, but her dear Charles must not be kept waiting for an answer to his anxious questions. Had he not asked about her health? Her health! She looked at her blooming cheeks and misty eyes in the little mirror on the table. The mystery of maternity, the stimulus of a great love in which she was assured of a protecting care beyond her wildest dreams, good food and regular hours, all combined were transforming her into a paragon of good health. She laughed happily and shook her beautiful hair down upon her shoulders.

"Dear love Charles," she wrote, "It is with joy greatly I say your dear letter has arrive.

"You ask about am I in good health? My health is best. Madame (Carnie), my God-mother, say at the table I am a great pig. She say that to me, your wife, my Charles!

"When at night I sleep I hold your dear head upon my heart. That keep me well and happy.

"But thou, my love, see thou to thyself. Don't take the cold. Do not expose thyself to shells. Thou must come back to me, and I hope to thy little son, for to us, dear love, I hope a little son. Every day I sit under the great tree by the canal and I sew upon his little dress. Today I burn a candle for him before St. Joseph, and for thee before Ste. Joanne D'Arc that she may watch over thee, dear heart. A thousand of kisses from thy little wife."

She sealed her letter and sped away to mail it. Returning, she prattled to Madame Carnie about her dear Charles, while the evening meal was cooking. Far into the night she lay hugging his letter to her breast, too happy to sleep.

But from that day her happiness began to fall away. Her beloved France knew its blackest hour. The war settled like a black pall more and more upon the land. The happiness she had derived at first from being nearer to Charles became a source of gnawing anxiety, for at night especially she could plainly hear the rumbling thunder of the great guns to the North, and see the flashes like sheet lightning on the horizon. She found herself wondering, with dumb misery clutching at her heart, where her husband might be in all that inferno of human savagery. *Mon Dieu!*

She could bear with some fortitude the irregularity with which letters came. "*C'est la guerre*—It is the war," she would sigh resignedly, and return to her simple little room up under the eaves of Madame Carnie's house.

As the hour for her trial drew nearer, the rosy dimpled face began to wear a drawn and anxious look. She longed for the reviving presence of her husband, with a longing beyond expression in words. When the day came that she had wished for and yet dreaded, before the supreme agony of pain descended upon her, she sent for the priest, an old man who had christened her when she was born.

"Father," she said, "if I should die, and—and there is born—is left, a little son, you must christen him Charles—and you must find the American officer, my husband, and tell him about the little son, who will be with Madame Carnie here and that I died loving him, my husband, above all else."

"Not above the good God, daughter," protested the old priest, a little shocked.

"Dear father, he has been so kind, so like the kindness of Holy Christ. You will remember and not fail?"

He blessed her, and left her to the ministrations of the kindly neighbor women.

When out of her great weariness, following the stress, she heard the wail of her infant son, boundless joy swelled within her.

"Now indeed, will Charles love me! His little son! Our little baby!" And she must see the mite to satisfy herself that no deformity, no blemish, existed.

"Oh, la, la, a fine healthy boy, he is. Leave him here, that I may hold him close to his mother's heart," she said, weeping happily.

She needs must send for the old clerk of the Postal and Telegraph in order instantly to inform her dear Charles of the great news. In vain did *ancien* Jean protest that it was one chance in a thousand of the message going through. She would not let him go until he promised solemnly, crossing himself, that he would do his best.

No later than the third day little Charles was christened in all the pomp and circumstance of a christening robe which had cost hours of loving labor.

Charles, after his father, and Joseph, after the patron saint of all children, was the son named, and after the momentous occasion, as he lay sleeping in his little crib, with the homely christening gifts from the neighbors arranged around him for all who came in to see, he made a brave show indeed.

"Charl' Joseph Roos-sell," Lisette repeated, again and again.

Her convalescence complete, it became her daily delight to care for her baby. No other hands were allowed to touch him. When some wrinkled grand-dame would venture upon some advice, Lisette would crush her by reading to her out of her book, "*The Care of a Baby*"—"which my husband, *M'sieur Roos-sell*, the American officer, procured for me in America. Must I not to do as the book say?"

Little Charles thrived, and soon, in suitable weather, she would wheel him down to the big tree beside the canal and wait for the postboy. When no letter came she would return with the

universal sigh of France, *C'est la guerre*," to her needle, for she was constantly making something warm and fluffy for Charles.

But one day her long patience was rewarded. A letter arrived from Charles and in it a promise of present leave. The next Sunday he would be with her! Dragged those days until Sunday came. She arose betimes, making her room immaculate. Then she spent a happy hour bedecking the baby for his father's coming.

At last all was ready, and she took up her position under the great tree by the canal in order that she might catch the earliest glimpse of his car down the road.

From time to time she looked at the fat rosy-cheeked baby sleeping in his carriage, and she thought how the sight of him would gladden her husband, and her eyes filled with happy tears. God had been good to her after all. The bitterness and miserable poverty of her early life was gone. She was the virtuous, well-beloved wife of a good man. Oh, what happiness! She held her head proudly up.

At last in the distance she discerned someone hurrying towards her from the little station. As the man came nearer she saw that he was old Jean, the Postal Telegraph Clerk. Did he have a message for her? A premonition of coming disaster constricted her heart. So, when he came nearer, with his old soiled cap in his hand, and stammered:

"Mam'selle—Madame—I have here a message for you," she held out her hand mutely to receive it. Before her danced these fateful words: "It is with regret that I inform you of the death of your husband, Lieutenant Russell, killed by an airplane bomb, ninety kilometres from your station. His body, under military escort, is being taken to your home. La Fierre, Capitaine, French Military Police."

Without a sound she fell face forward in the road. The old clerk, terrorized by her fainting, fled up the road, to tell Madame Carnie and all the towns-people the sad news.

After a great blackness she awoke in her room. She did not know two days had gone by, nor that in the little church her husband's body lay in state beneath the corpse candles. The old priest watched beside the body, and it was here the army surgeon found him after he left Lisette.

"Let her sleep as long as she will," he said, "the shock has been very great. I have done what I could. I will leave her now to the consolations of religion, father," and he bowed himself out.

When the neighbors came, saying that she was asking for him, he went, doubtful what to do or say.

"Father," she murmured in a tired voice, "they tell me two days have gone by, and—and that—he too is here."

"It is quite true, my daughter, and at night I have sat beside him as I felt you would have me do."

"Father, will you take me to him, that I may see him for myself—before he is—put away? And little Charles, he must see his father's face. Oh! how pitiful that my little son will only see the *dead* face of his father!"

Two great tears rolled from her eyes, but she remained strangely quiet—not giving way to the wild grief that relaxes and deadens pain, which the father had hoped for. He wondered, and shook his head slowly.

As she passed into the little church, she gave one body-racking sob, and knelt before the body, laying her cheek upon the dead hand, and murmuring over and over his name, "Dear Charles!—*mon* Charles!"

Finally she became stilled and was quiet so long that the old priest grew uneasy, thinking from the deadly pallor of her face that she had fainted.

"Daughter," he laid his hand with gentle urge upon her shoulder, "it is best now that you come away."

She started up wildly. "Is it that you would deprive me of the last few hours with my dead? Leave me! that I may be alone with him."

But the old man was disquieted; he looked down at her clasped hands. Stooping, he sought to see what she held there. It was only after a struggle that he unclasped the hand—which held a bottle of carbolic acid.

"Daughter, what would you do? Would you commit this great sin? Could you leave your little son to the mercy of the world? Come away!"

There came to him then one of the sudden inspirations so frequent with those who have to deal with the human soul. He drew a prayer stool beside her and began to talk.

"My child, in far away Belgium on the field of Waterloo, lies your great grandfather, who served in the Old Guard, under the Great Emperor. You have heard the tale many times, how, when all was lost at Waterloo, and there was no hope for them or for France, they reformed their lines each time after the English fire, and faced death unflinchingly. 'The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender,' they said, and the English found it true.

"At Sedan, your grandfather stood upon 'The little hill of death,' that held out the longest against the Germans. When the French guns were silenced, and the hill taken no one was found alive. Knowing victory was impossible, yet they fought on that the price of victory be that much greater for those who won.

"Your father is among those brave dead at Verdun, who shouted 'They shall not pass'—and made their boast good. I, myself, saw your mother face death, watching him come nearer day by day while you played about the floor, a little child. Not once did she show fear, but bore her pain bravely, without complaint until the end.

"In your veins is the blood of all these heroes. And today it is your time to be courageous. Drawing his life from your breast is a little child, whose father is before us in death. I am sure his last thoughts were of you and his son, whom he had never seen and whom he would never see. He died, I am sure, secure in the faith that you, a daughter of France, would not fail but would see to it that his son be made worthy of his great America and of France. You are a daughter of the people. Strong and healthy, your baby can have wholesome mother's milk, and can drink in with this milk the spirit from you of those who have gone before. He will thus become, under your guidance, a worthy son of him who has died that you and his son might have freedom. Think upon these things, daughter, and I know you will never again attempt that life which God has given; which only He should take away. What is required of you is hard, but not beyond your strength. Uncounted women all over the world are taking up this burden today, bravely and uncomplaining. You can do as well!"

While the old priest talked her head had bent lower and lower until it was upon her folded arms on the prayer stool.

"But father, I have been so evil—so impure. I, perhaps deceived my husband for I did not dare tell him all. I have been so happy, so free from care"—a great sob choked her voice—"I did not realize—I was not worthy—I am not worthy to bring up my little son. Without the love and help of my husband I am lost, lost!"

The old man patted her shoulder lovingly. "Lisette, from a child I have known you. You cannot be evil in your heart—in-discreet, perhaps. Poverty, many things we cannot judge, cause women to err. What you have done is done. It is in the past with God only, and God forgives. I can say truly, as God's servant, of this past you need take no account. You were a faithful, loving wife. You had the love and trust of your husband. It is enough.

"But of this other matter, by far the greater sin and cowardice is to shirk your duty. Day by day you must live bravely and truly that your little son will have the memory always of a courageous mother to spur him on; to be an inspiration to him.

"You must be this. It is the better part, worthy of a daughter of France, to smile, to laugh, to be merry for the sake of others while her heart is broken. To live for the sake of a little child."

The old man's voice trailed away into silence. For a time she continued to kneel with her head on her hands. Then with a sudden movement she rose to her feet and walked quietly out of the church. But she walked as one with a purpose, her head held high, a flush on her cheeks.

When she returned it was day and the sunlight fell through the stained window of the church making a play of colors on the head of the dead officer. In her arms she held her baby. She looked down on the face of him she loved so well with eyes of unutterable misery and longing. But the weakness was all gone from her face. There seemed now to be a radiance of high resolve there; a decision to abide until the end, no matter at what cost. She held the baby that he might see the dead face, and put his fat little hand lovingly there.

"See, Charles, it is thy father. We will say farewell."

Stooping she kissed the dear face. Then with unflinching steps, proudly as one going upon some great quest, she went out into the sunshine.

W. P. B.

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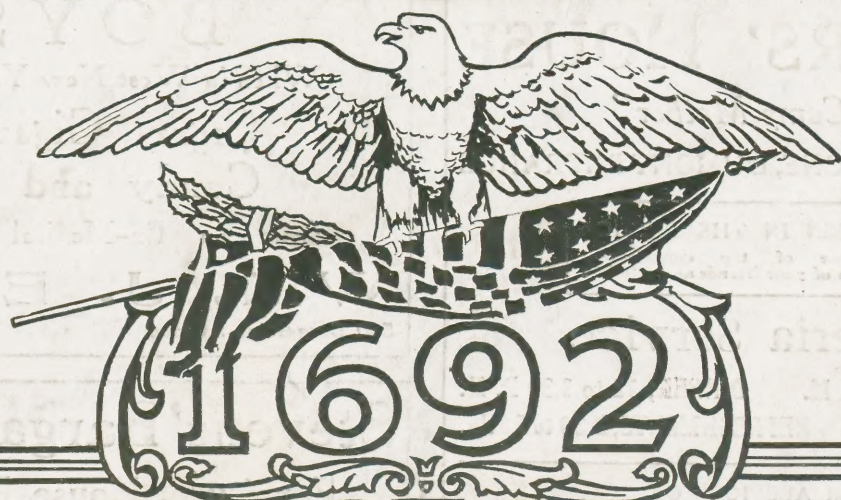
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